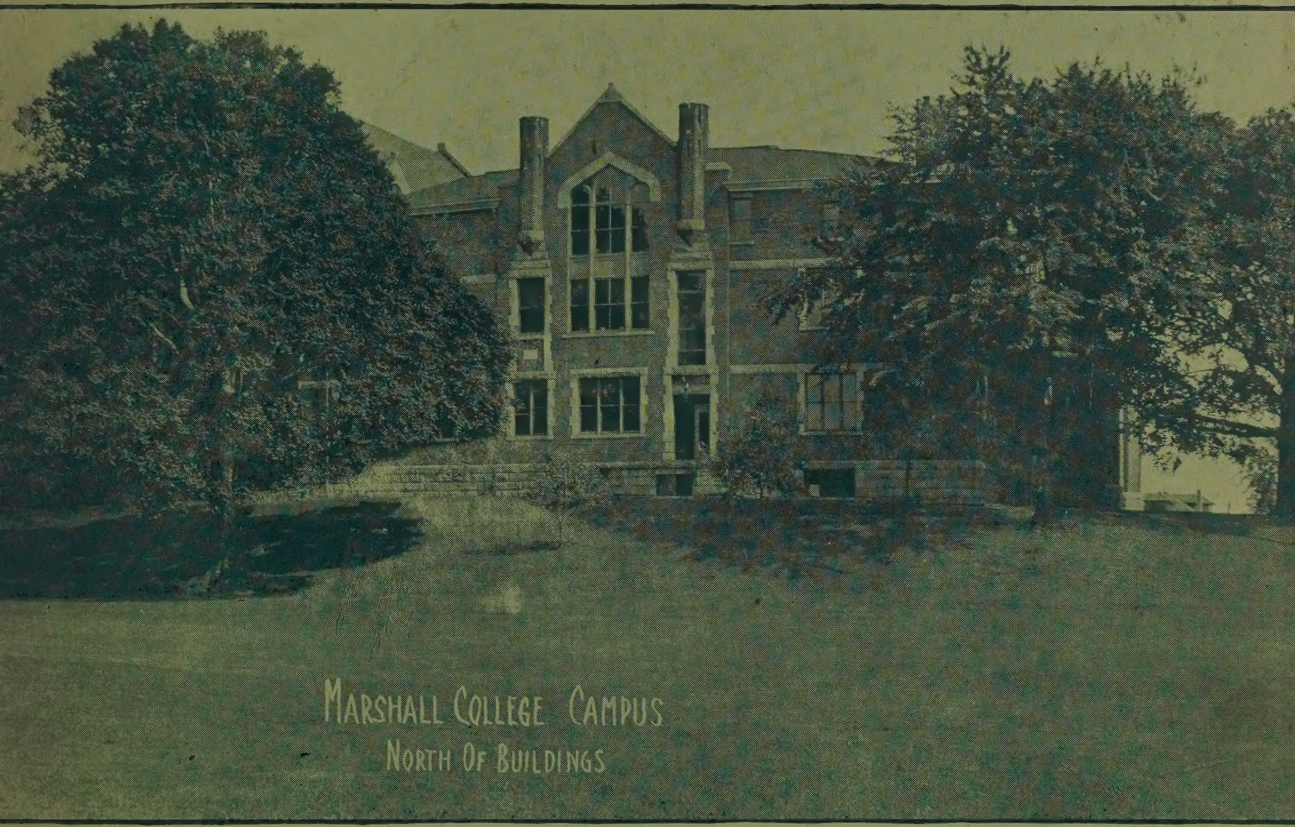
SONGS of MARSHALL



MARSHALL COLLEGE CAMPUS
NORTH OF BUILDINGS

SONGS

OF

MARSHALL COLLEGE

Alma Mater of Ruby Mason (Morris)
(Grad. 1914)

Compiled by

BOYD B. CHAMBERS

LLOYD ADAMS NOBLE, Publisher

31 WEST 15TH STREET NEW YORK CITY

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PREFACE

One of the things most needed in West Virginia and West Virginia schools is singing. To encourage the good start made by Marshall College students this collection is offered.

The Marshall songs are for the most part adaptations by students and faculty. One or two songs do not appear owing to the high cost of plates. Miss Harriet Dale Johnson, Miss Effie Wilson, and Mr. R. M. Wylie deserve much praise for their untiring efforts. Much credit is also due the students and members of faculty who have contributed.

It is to be hoped that the present custom of standing uncovered when singing '*Gainst the Green and White* will be perpetuated. Those who have charge of the class day singing each year are requested to leave copies of their songs to make the next edition of the Songs of Marshall far superior to this unpretentious effort.

BOYD B. CHAMBERS, '01

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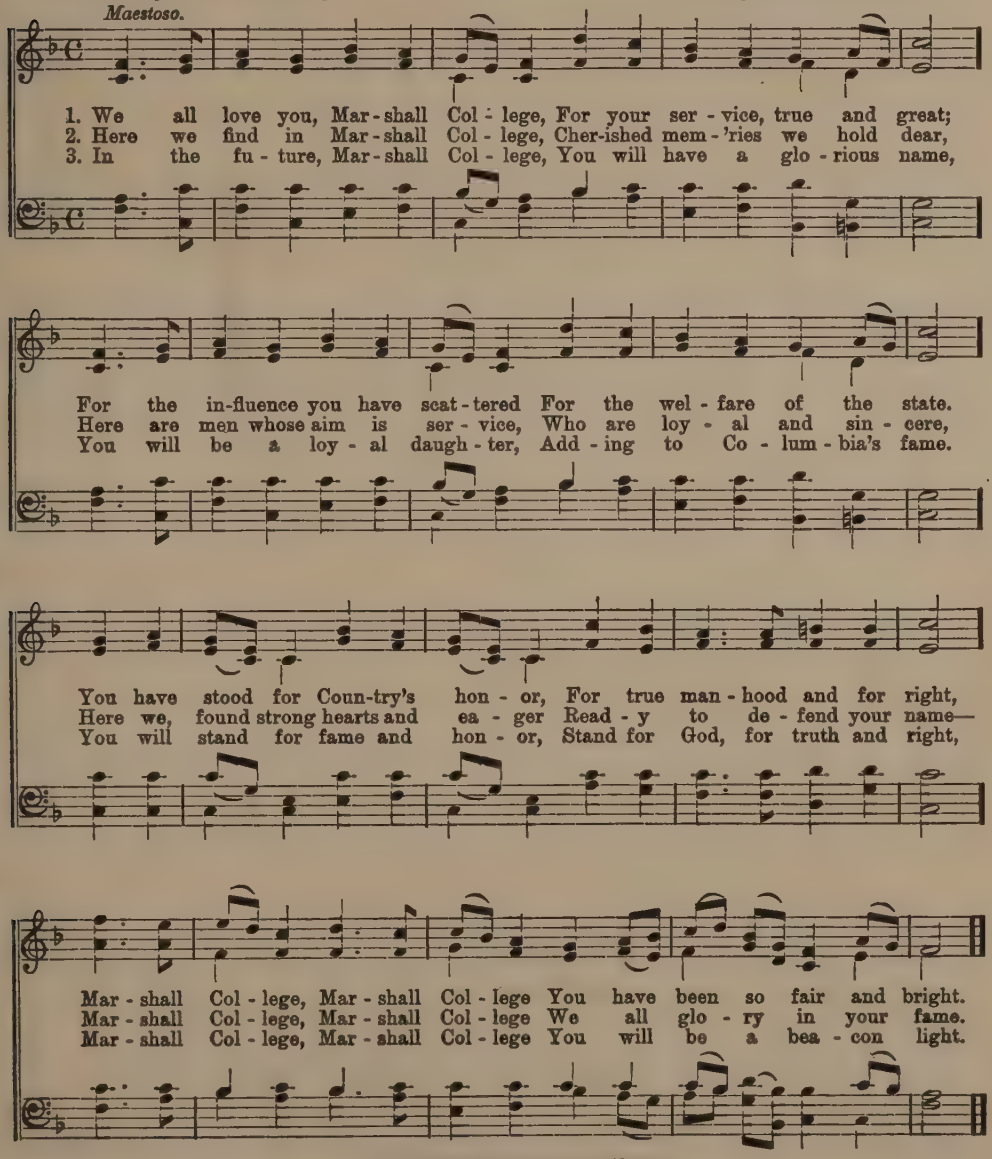
SONGS OF MARSHALL COLLEGE

MARSHALL COLLEGE.

Words by O. I. Woodley. Music by Joseph Haydn.

Maestoso.
1. We all love you, Mar-shall Col-lege, For your ser-vice, true and great;
2. Here we find in Mar-shall Col-lege, Cher-ished mem-'ries we hold dear,
3. In the fu-ture, Mar-shall Col-lege, You will have a glo-rious name,
For the in-fluence you have scat-tered For the wel-fare of the state.
Here are men whose aim is ser-vice, Who are loy-al and sin-cere,
You will be a loy-al daugh-ter, Add-ing to Co-lum-bia's fame.
You have stood for Coun-try's hon-or, For true man-hood and for right,
Here we, found strong hearts and ea-ger Read-y to de-fend your name—
You will stand for fame and hon-or, Stand for God, for truth and right,
Mar-shall Col-lege, Mar-shall Col-lege You have been so fair and bright.
Mar-shall Col-lege, Mar-shall Col-lege We all glo-ry in your fame.
Mar-shall Col-lege, Mar-shall Col-lege You will be a bea-con light.

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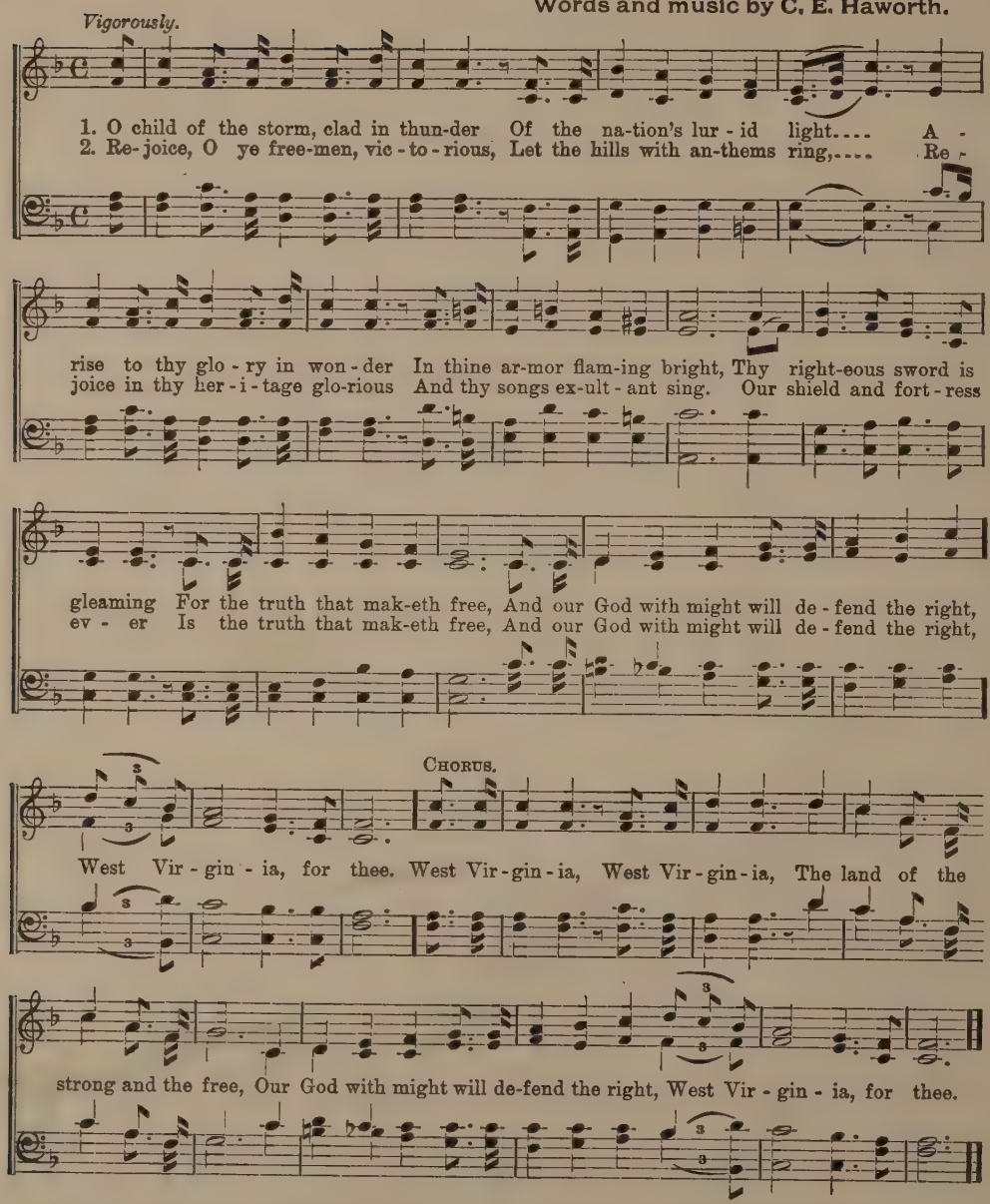
WEST VIRGINIA.

Words and music by C. E. Haworth.


Vigorously.
1. O child of the storm, clad in thun-der Of the na-tion's lur - id light.... A -
2. Re- joice, O ye free-men, vic - to - rious, Let the hills with an-thems ring,.... Re -
rise to thy glo - ry in won - der In thine ar-mor flam-ing bright, Thy right-eous sword is
joice in thy her - i - tage glo-rious And thy songs ex-ult - ant sing. Our shield and fort - ress
gleaming For the truth that mak-eth free, And our God with might will de - fend the right,
ev - er Is the truth that mak-eth free, And our God with might will de - fend the right,
Chorus.
West Vir - gin - ia, for thee. West Vir - gin - ia, West Vir - gin - ia, The land of the
strong and the free, Our God with might will de-fend the right, West Vir - gin - ia, for thee.

3. The Lord in thy furnaces glowing,
In thy Vulcan forge's flare,
In his treasures of diamond bestowing
Bids thee toil and strive and dare.
With thine armor burnished ever
For the truth that maketh free,
Our God with might will defend the right,
West Virginia, for thee.

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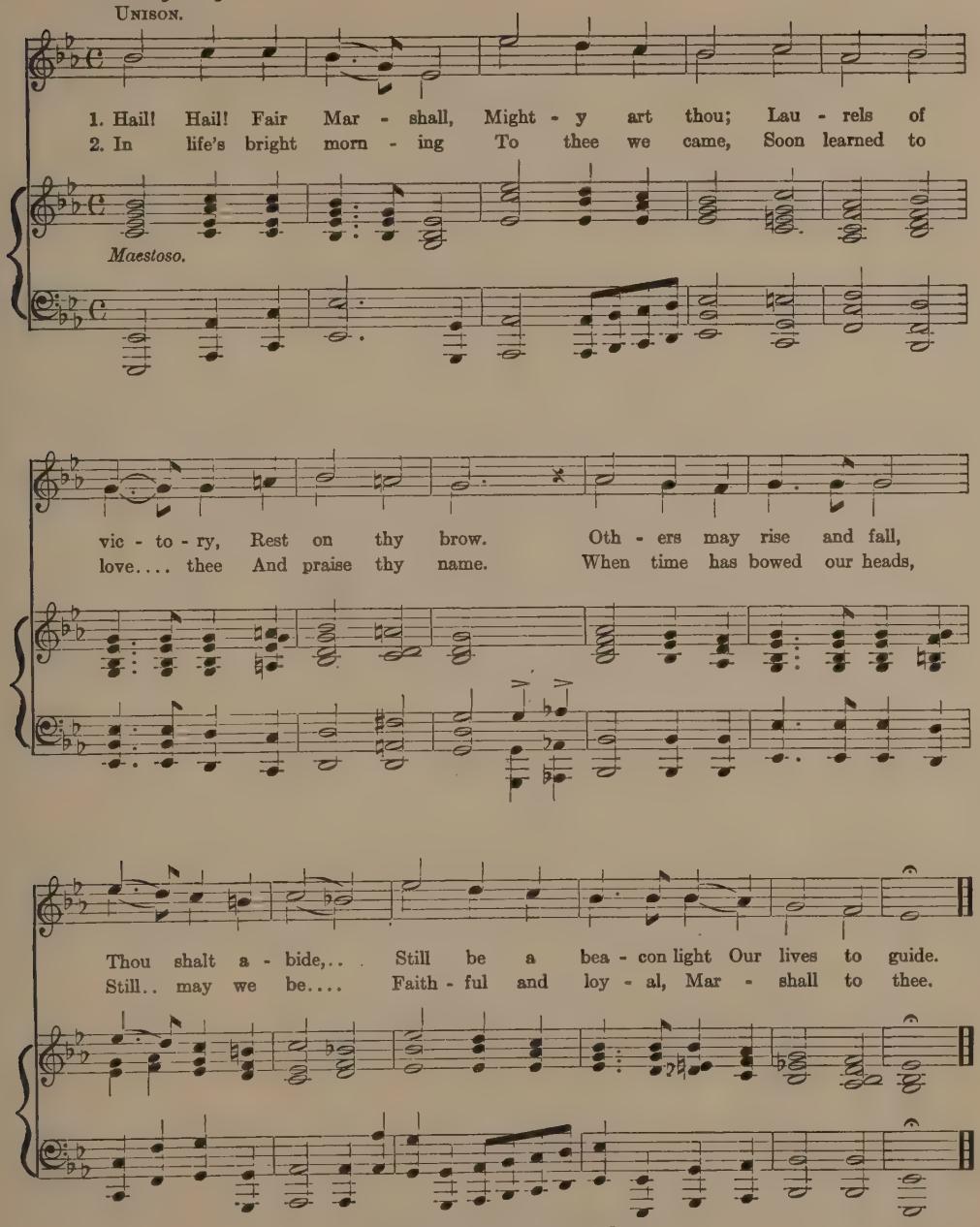
HAIL! HAIL! FAIR MARSHALL.

Words by Raymond A. Lee.


UNISON.
1. Hail! Hail! Fair Mar - shall, Might - y art thou; Lau - rels of
2. In life's bright morn - ing To thee we came, Soon learned to
Maestoso.
vic - to - ry, Rest on thy brow. Oth - ers may rise and fall,
love.... thee And praise thy name. When time has bowed our heads,
Thou shalt a - bide,.. Still be a bea - con light Our lives to guide.
Still.. may we be.... Faith - ful and loy - al, Mar - shall to thee.

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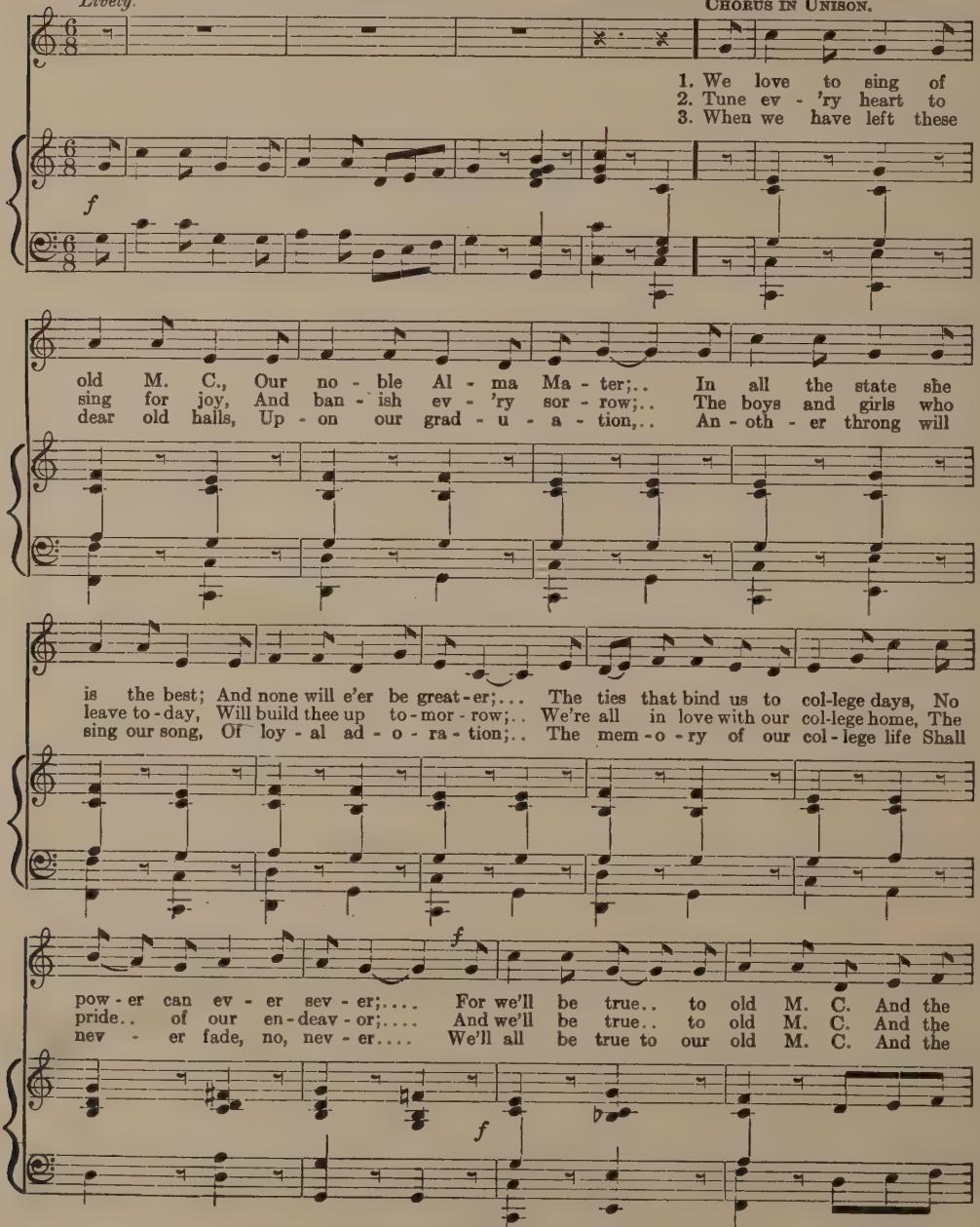
THE GREEN AND WHITE FOREVER.

Words by Harriet Dale Johnson. Music by Charles W. Gayman.

Lively. CHORUS IN UNISON.


1. We love to sing of
2. Tune ev - 'ry heart to
3. When we have left these
f
old M. C., Our no - ble Al - ma Ma - ter;.. In all the state she
sing for joy, And ban - ish ev - 'ry sor - row;.. The boys and girls who
dear old halls, Up - on our grad - u - a - tion,.. An - oth - er throng will
is the best; And none will e'er be great - er;... The ties that bind us to col-lege days, No
leave to - day, Will build thee up to - mor - row;.. We're all in love with our col-lege home, The
sing our song, Of loy - al ad - o - ra - tion;.. The mem - o - ry of our col - lege life Shall
f
pow - er can ev - er sev - er;.... For we'll be true.. to old M. C. And the
pride.. of our en - deav - or;.... And we'll be true.. to old M. C. And the
nev - er fade, no, nev - er.... We'll all be true to our old M. C. And the
f

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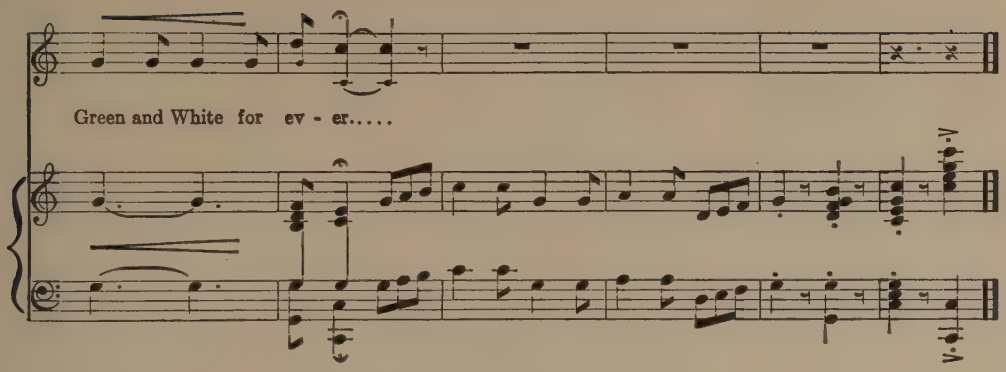
THE GREEN AND WHITE FOREVER.



HERE'S TO MARSHALL.

Words by Carter Milam. **Air: "Heidelberg Stein Song."**

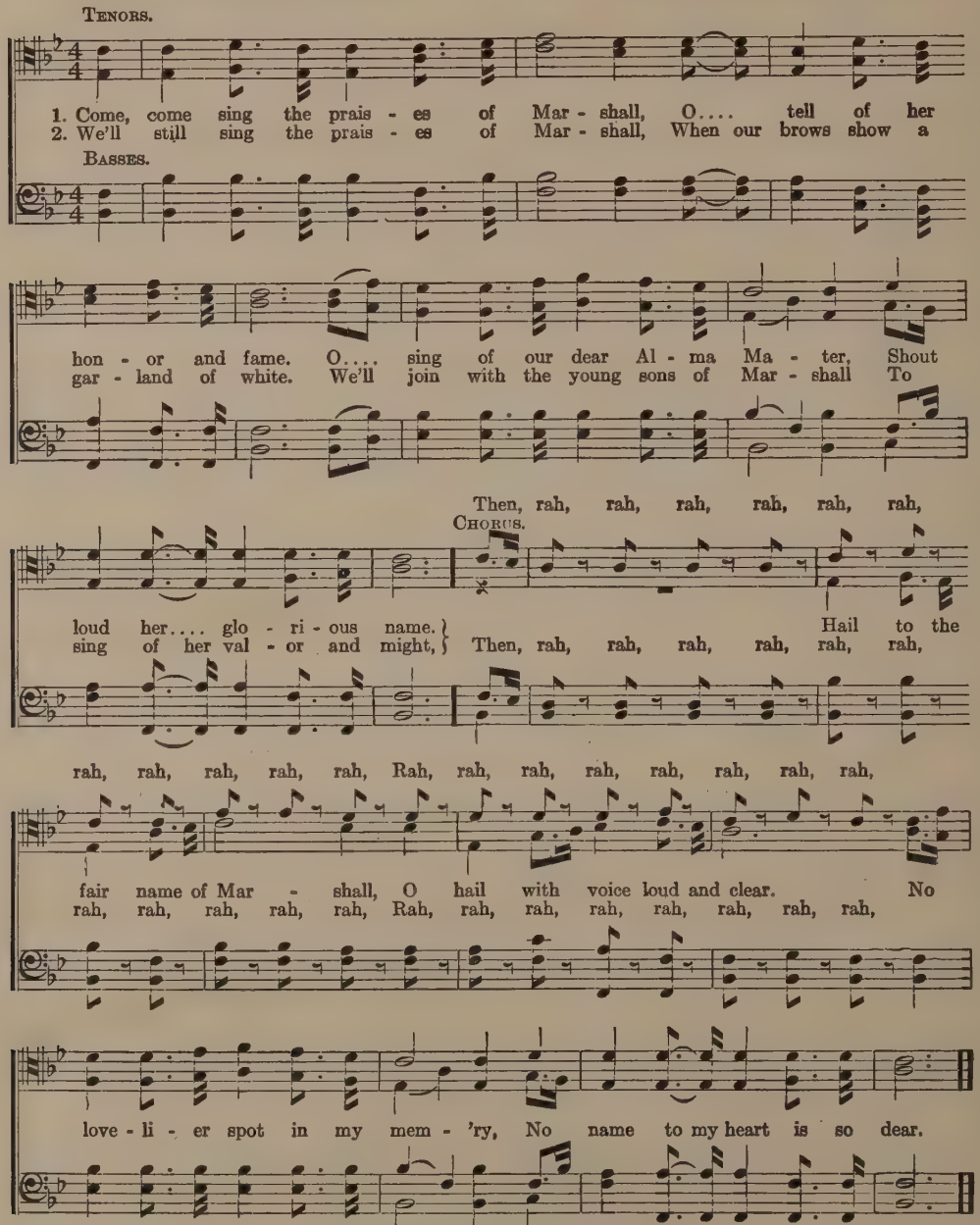
1. Better than riches of wordly wealth
   Are the hours that are spent at Marshall;
   Filled with the joy of life and health,
   And love for our school so dear,
   And stronger than chains that are made by hands
   Is the love of our Alma Mater;
   So come let us drink one toast as we clink
   To the school we love so dear.

2. Here's to the school we love so well,
   Here's to her banner true,
   Here's to her team the best on earth,
   Here's to her honor, too,
   Here's to the name she proudly bears,
   Here's to her joy and cheer,
   Here's to the school we love so well,
   Here's to our Marshall, dear.

3. Oh, Marshall dear, our Marshall dear,
   Thy spell is round us yet;
   Thy scattered sons, though wandering far,
   Thy charm can ne'er forget.
   Thy banner Green has ever been
   A light to lead us on,
   To make us praise, to make us love
   Thy name till life is done;
   To make us praise, to make us love
   Thy name till life is done.

RAH, RAH, RAH, RAH.

Words by Boyd B. Chambers. Music by Dr. Wm. S. Pitts.


Tenors.
1. Come, come sing the prais - es of Mar - shall, O.... tell of her
2. We'll still sing the prais - es of Mar - shall, When our brows show a
Basses.
hon - or and fame. O.... sing of our dear Al - ma Ma - ter, Shout
gar - land of white. We'll join with the young sons of Mar - shall To
Then, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah,
Chorus.
loud her.... glo - ri - ous name.
sing of her val - or and might,
Hail to the
Then, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah,
rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah,
fair name of Mar - shall, O hail with voice loud and clear. No
rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah,
love - li - er spot in my mem - 'ry, No name to my heart is so dear.

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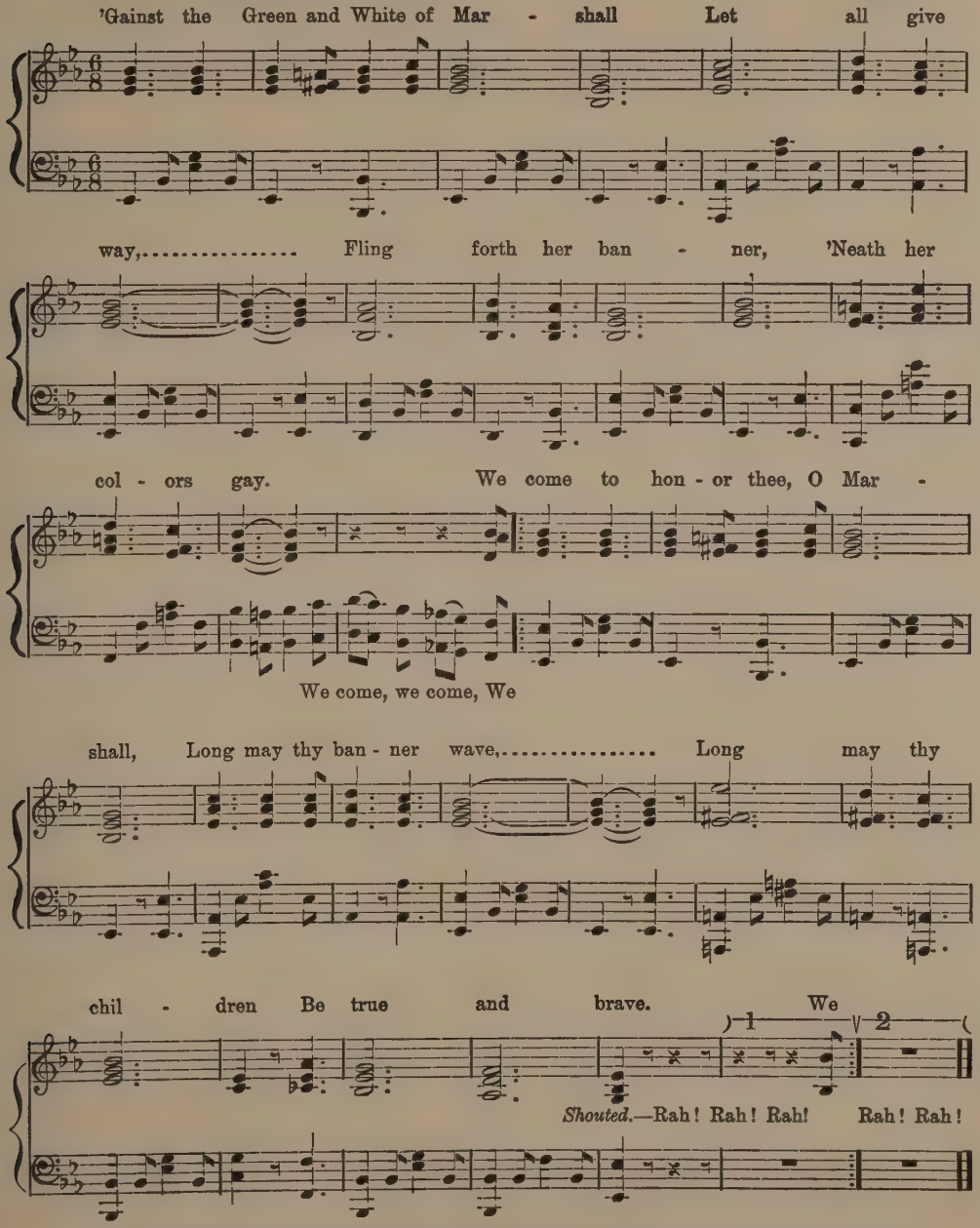
'GAINST THE GREEN AND WHITE.

Words by Harriet Dale Johnson. **Arranged.**


'Gainst the Green and White of Mar - shall Let all give
way,..... Fling forth her ban - ner, 'Neath her
col - ors gay. We come to hon - or thee, O Mar -
We come, we come, We
shall, Long may thy ban - ner wave,..... Long may thy
chil - dren Be true and brave. We
1
2
Shouted.—Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah!

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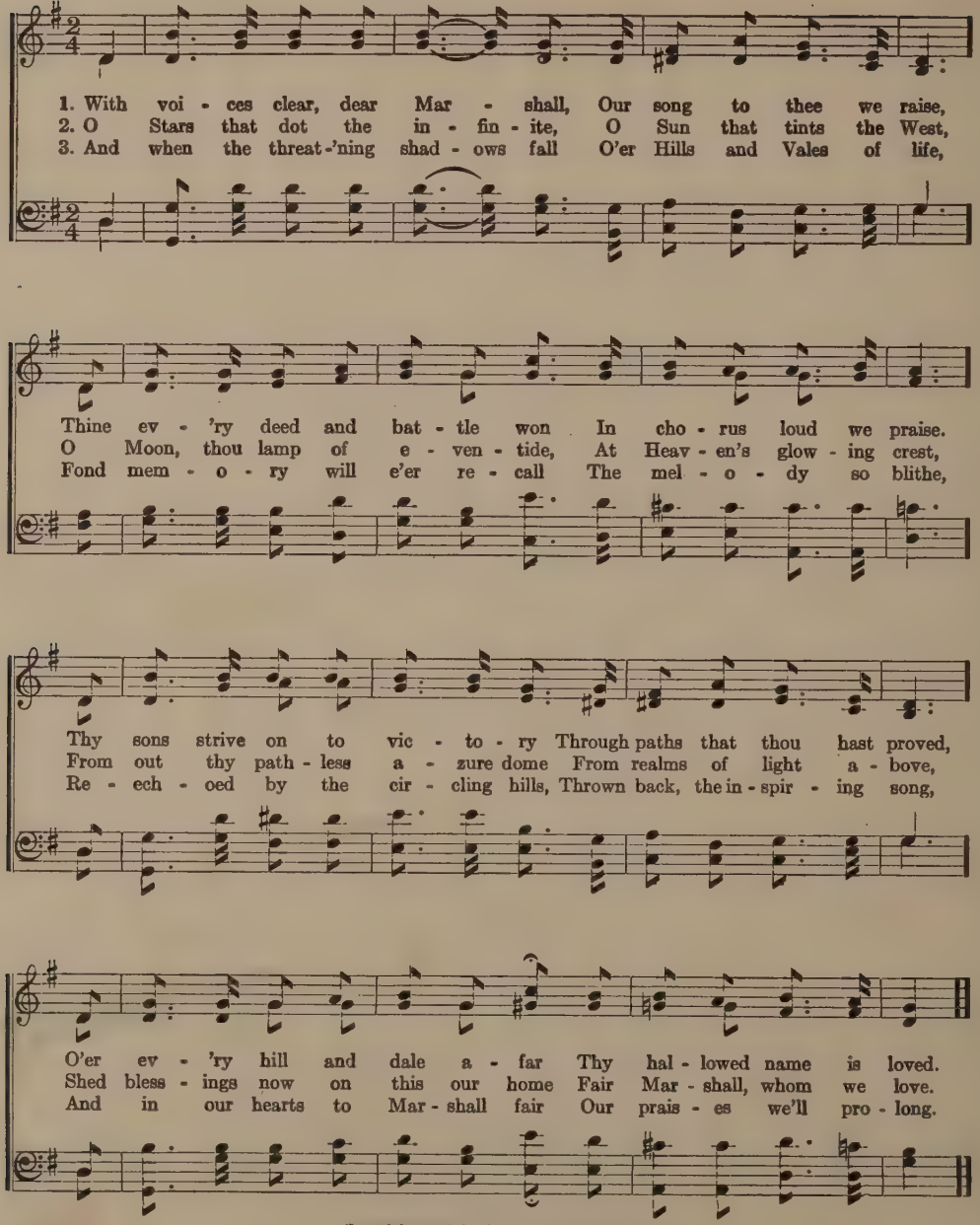
MARSHALL OUR HOME.

Words by James C. Leonhart.


1. With voi - ces clear, dear Mar - shall, Our song to thee we raise,
2. O Stars that dot the in - fin - ite, O Sun that tints the West,
3. And when the threat-'ning shad - ows fall O'er Hills and Vales of life,
Thine ev - 'ry deed and bat - tle won In cho - rus loud we praise.
O Moon, thou lamp of e - ven - tide, At Heav - en's glow - ing crest,
Fond mem - o - ry will e'er re - call The mel - o - dy so blithe,
Thy sons strive on to vic - to - ry Through paths that thou hast proved,
From out thy path - less a - zure dome From realms of light a - bove,
Re - ech - oed by the cir - cling hills, Thrown back, the in - spir - ing song,
O'er ev - 'ry hill and dale a - far Thy hal - lowed name is loved.
Shed bless - ings now on this our home Fair Mar - shall, whom we love.
And in our hearts to Mar - shall fair Our prais - es we'll pro - long.

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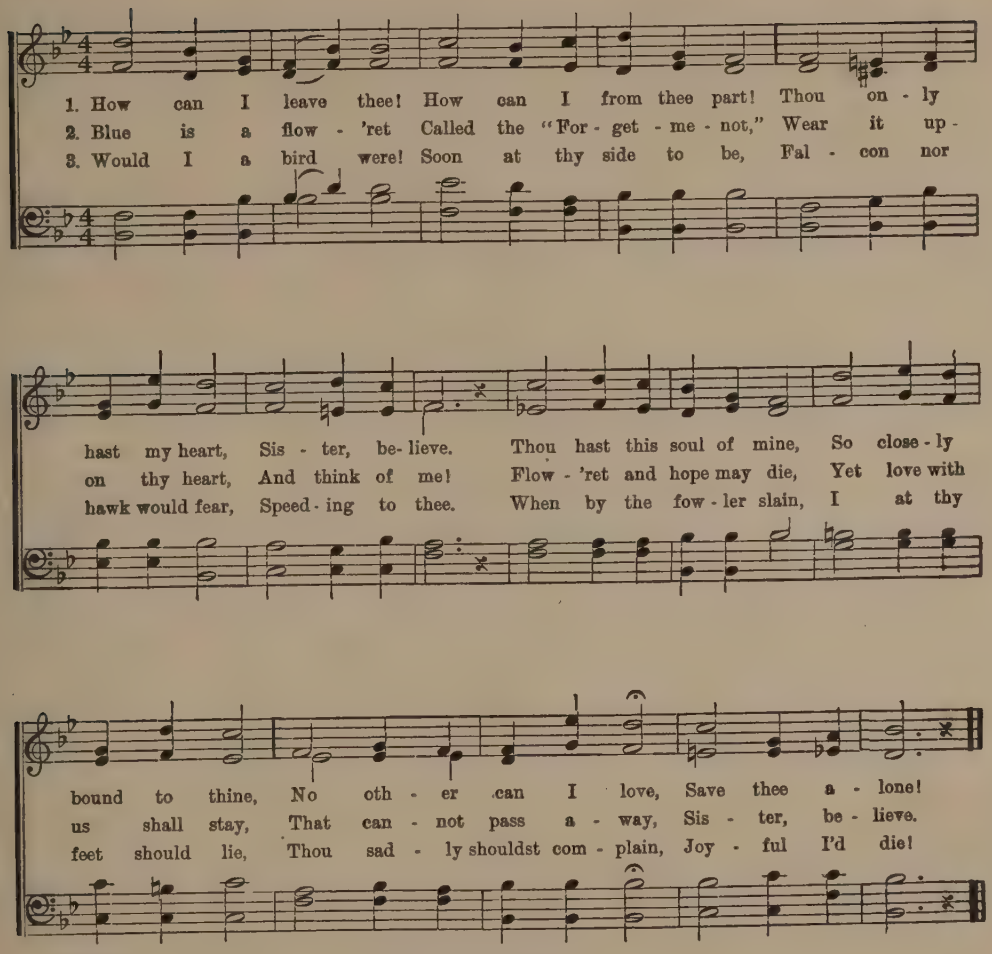
HOW CAN I LEAVE THEE!


1. How can I leave thee! How can I from thee part! Thou on - ly
2. Blue is a flow - 'ret Called the "For - get - me - not," Wear it up -
3. Would I a bird were! Soon at thy side to be, Fal - con nor
hast my heart, Sis - ter, be - lieve. Thou hast this soul of mine, So close - ly
on thy heart, And think of me! Flow - 'ret and hope may die, Yet love with
hawk would fear, Speed - ing to thee. When by the fow - ler slain, I at thy
bound to thine, No oth - er can I love, Save thee a - lone!
us shall stay, That can - not pass a - way, Sis - ter, be - lieve.
feet should lie, Thou sad - ly shouldst com - plain, Joy - ful I'd die!

NA—137

IVY SONG.

Words by Elizabeth Colwell. **Air: "How Can I Leave Thee."**

1. Now can we see thee
Just as the ivy falls,
Though eyes with tears are dim
O Marshall dear.
Now plant we ivy here
Around thy sacred walls,
To show our love for thee,
And thee alone.

2. Oh, may we love thee
Long as the ivy grows!
Fast as the ivy clings,
Hold us we pray.
By thy great charm and strength,
Our Alma Mater dear;
Hold, hold us close to thee
Life's journey through.

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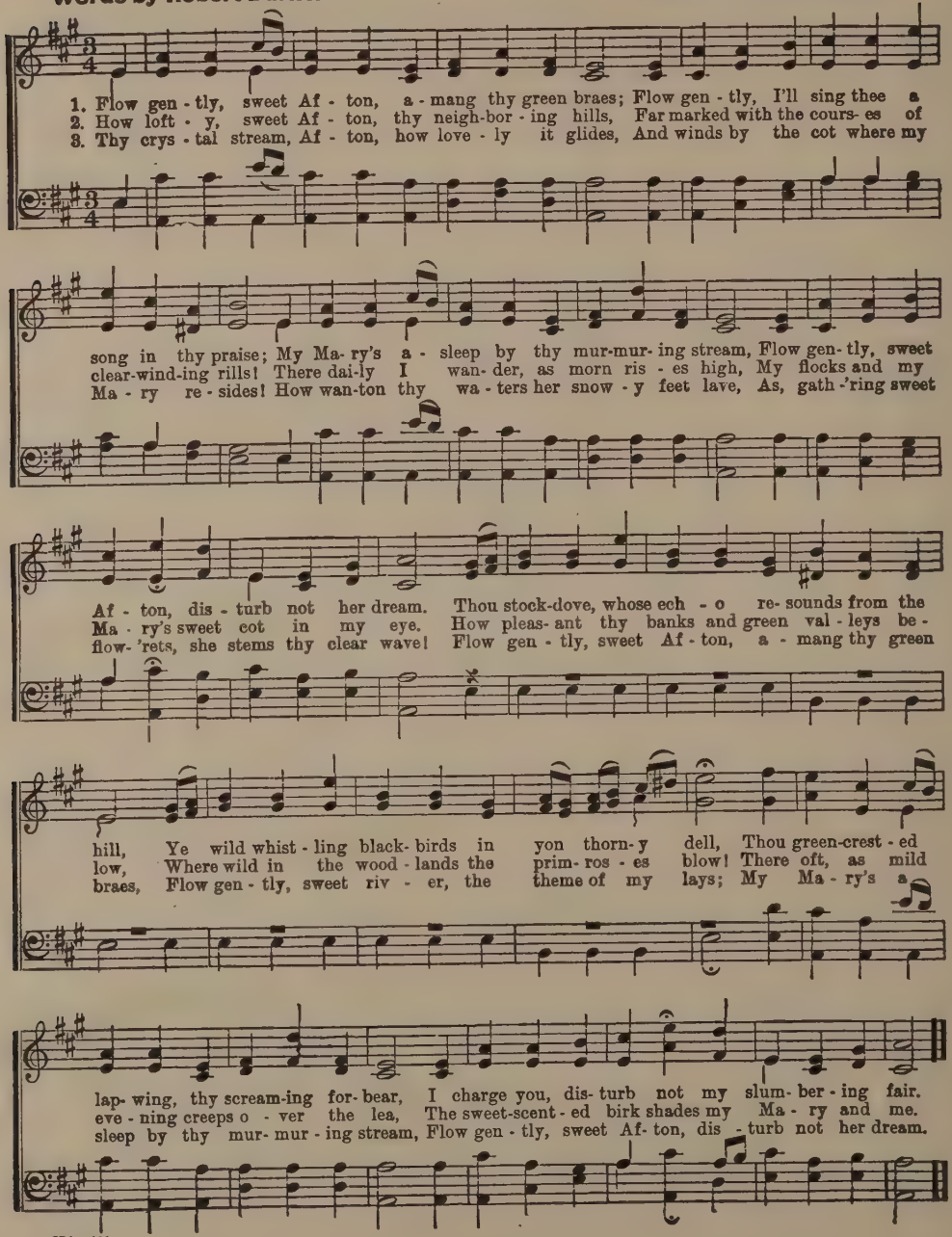
FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

Words by Robert Burns. **Music by J. E. Spilman.**


1. Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green braes; Flow gen - tly, I'll sing thee a
2. How loft - y, sweet Af - ton, thy neigh-bor - ing hills, Far marked with the cours- es of
3. Thy crys - tal stream, Af - ton, how love - ly it glides, And winds by the cot where my
song in thy praise; My Ma- ry's a - sleep by thy mur-mur- ing stream, Flow gen- tly, sweet
clear-wind-ing rills! There dai-ly I wan- der, as morn ris - es high, My flocks and my
Ma - ry re - sides! How wan-ton thy wa - ters her snow - y feet lave, As, gath -'ring sweet
Af - ton, dis - turb not her dream. Thou stock-dove, whose ech - o re- sounds from the
Ma - ry's sweet cot in my eye. How pleas- ant thy banks and green val - leys be -
flow- 'rets, she stems thy clear wave! Flow gen - tly, sweet Af - ton, a - mang thy green
hill, Ye wild whist - ling black- birds in yon thorn- y dell, Thou green-crest - ed
low, Where wild in the wood - lands the prim- ros - es blow! There oft, as mild
braes, Flow gen - tly, sweet riv - er, the theme of my lays; My Ma - ry's a
lap- wing, thy scream-ing for- bear, I charge you, dis- turb not my slum- ber - ing fair.
eve - ning creeps o - ver the lea, The sweet-scent - ed birk shades my Ma - ry and me.
sleep by thy mur- mur - ing stream, Flow gen - tly, sweet Af- ton, dis - turb not her dream.

NA—131

MARSHALL WE LOVE THEE.

Words by James C. Leonhart. **Air: "Flow Gently Sweet Afton."**

1. O Marshall, We love thee
Through fracas and fray.
Thy banner in victory
We'll proudly display;
We laud thee, we praise thee,
For long thou hast stood,
For all that is noble
And honored and good.
O Marshall, we love thee,
Our hearts evermore
Shall thrill to behold thee
Till struggles are o'er.

CHORUS.

Then here's to fair Marshall,
The Green and the White,
Our temple of knowledge,
The students delight.

2. O Marshall, we love thee,
Thy emblem shall be
Emblazoned with splendor,
The M and the C;
We'll keep thee, we'll hold thee
In mem'ry so dear;
We'll wreathe thee with laurels,
Thy records revere.
O Marshall, we love thee,
When battles draw nigh,
For thee we will conquer,
Yes, conquer or die.

CHORUS.

Then here's to fair Marshall,
The Green and the White,
Our temple of knowledge,
The students delight.

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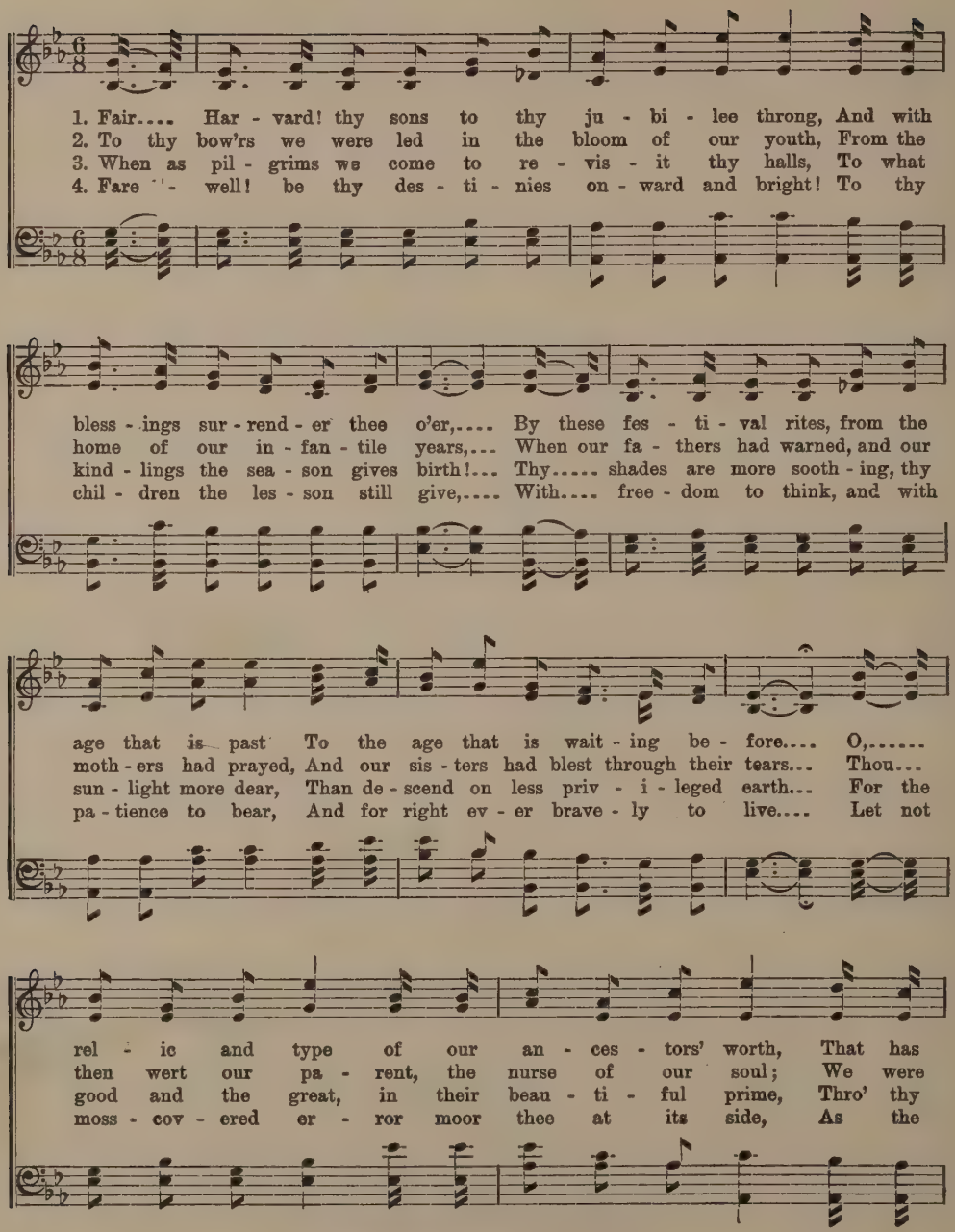
FAIR HARVARD.


1. Fair.... Har - vard! thy sons to thy ju - bi - lee throng, And with
2. To thy bow'rs we were led in the bloom of our youth, From the
3. When as pil - grims we come to re - vis - it thy halls, To what
4. Fare - well! be thy des - ti - nies on - ward and bright! To thy
bless - ings sur - rend - er thee o'er,.... By these fes - ti - val rites, from the
home of our in - fan - tile years,... When our fa - thers had warned, and our
kind - lings the sea - son gives birth!... Thy..... shades are more sooth - ing, thy
chil - dren the les - son still give,.... With.... free - dom to think, and with
age that is past To the age that is wait - ing be - fore.... O,.....
moth - ers had prayed, And our sis - ters had blest through their tears... Thou...
sun - light more dear, Than de - scend on less priv - i - leged earth... For the
pa - tience to bear, And for right ev - er brave - ly to live.... Let not
rel - ic and type of our an - ces - tors' worth, That has
then wert our pa - rent, the nurse of our soul; We were
good and the great, in their beau - ti - ful prime, Thro' thy
moss - cov - ered er - ror moor thee at its side, As the

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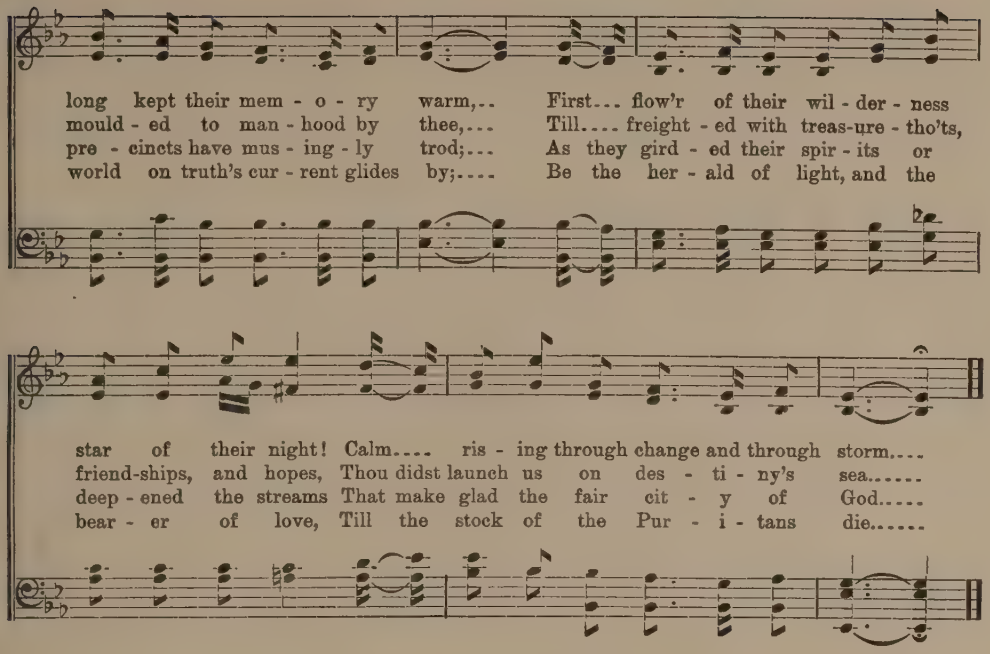

long kept their mem - o - ry warm,.. First... flow'r of their wil - der - ness
mould - ed to man - hood by thee,.... Till.... freight - ed with treas-ure - tho'ts,
pre - cincts have mus - ing - ly trod;... As they gird - ed their spir - its or
world on truth's cur - rent glides by;.... Be the her - ald of light, and the
star of their night! Calm.... ris - ing through change and through storm....
friend-ships, and hopes, Thou didst launch us on des - ti - ny's sea.....
deep - ened the streams That make glad the fair cit - y of God.....
bear - er of love, Till the stock of the Pur - i - tans die.....

FAIR MARSHALL.

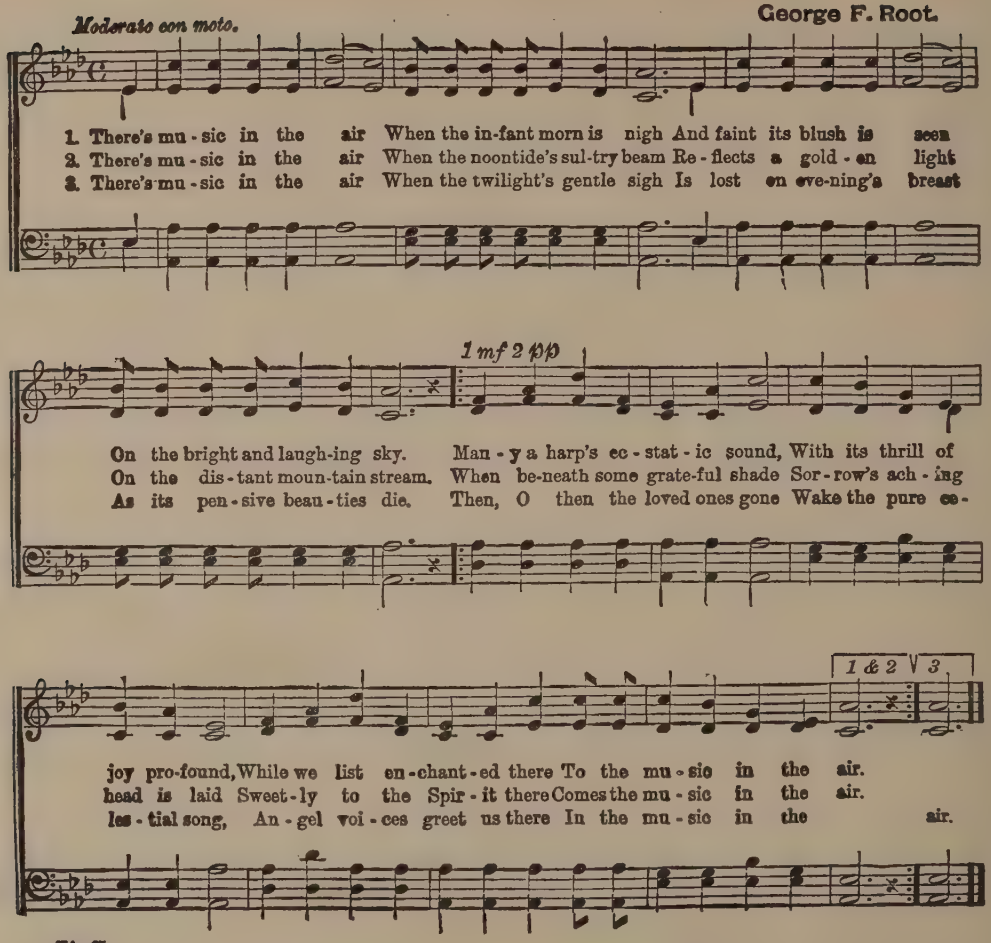
Words by Carter Milam. **Air: "Fair Harvard."**

1. Fair Marshall, with loyal hearts beating in tune,
   To thy bidding thy children attend;
   With thy song on their lips and thy form in their thoughts,
   They shall honor thee time without end.
   O school, thou art sprung from the storms of the past
   As the child of the fond hopes of men,
   A gift to their children, a star for the right,
   And a theme for the mightiest pen.

2. Fair Marshall, thy sons to thy name homage bear,
   And adorn thee with blessings and praise;
   They come from the ends of the earth to thy side,
   And in glad song their voices raise.
   They, the strength and the pride of the nation's true worth,
   From thee have received strength and fame;
   And again to thee turn, with thee honors to share,
   And to crown, new with laurel, thy name.

THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR.

George F. Root.


Moderato con moto.
1. There's mu - sic in the air When the in-fant morn is nigh And faint its blush is seen
2. There's mu - sic in the air When the noontide's sul-try beam Re - flects a gold - en light
3. There's mu - sic in the air When the twilight's gentle sigh Is lost on eve-ning's breast
1 mf 2 pp
On the bright and laugh-ing sky. Man - y a harp's ec - stat - ic sound, With its thrill of
On the dis - tant moun-tain stream. When be-neath some grate-ful shade Sor - row's ach - ing
As its pen - sive beau - ties die. Then, O then the loved ones gone Wake the pure ce-
1 & 2
3
joy pro-found, While we list en-chant-ed there To the mu - sic in the air.
head is laid Sweet-ly to the Spir - it there Comes the mu - sic in the air.
les - tial song, An - gel voi - ces greet us there In the mu - sic in the air.

SA—85

MARSHALL'S BANNER.

Words by R. M. Wylie.

Air: "There's Music in the Air."

1. We love to sing the praise
Of the school that's known to fame;
And far and wide we'll raise
Songs that ring with Marshall's name.

CHORUS.

For no college can there be
Half so fair as our M. C.,
So we chant the loyal cry—
"Wave old Marshall's banner high!"

2. For Marshall wins the love
Of her students year by year;
The Green and White above
Brings to every lip a cheer.

CHORUS.

For no college can there be
Half so fair as our M. C.,
So we chant the loyal cry—
"Wave old Marshall's banner high!"

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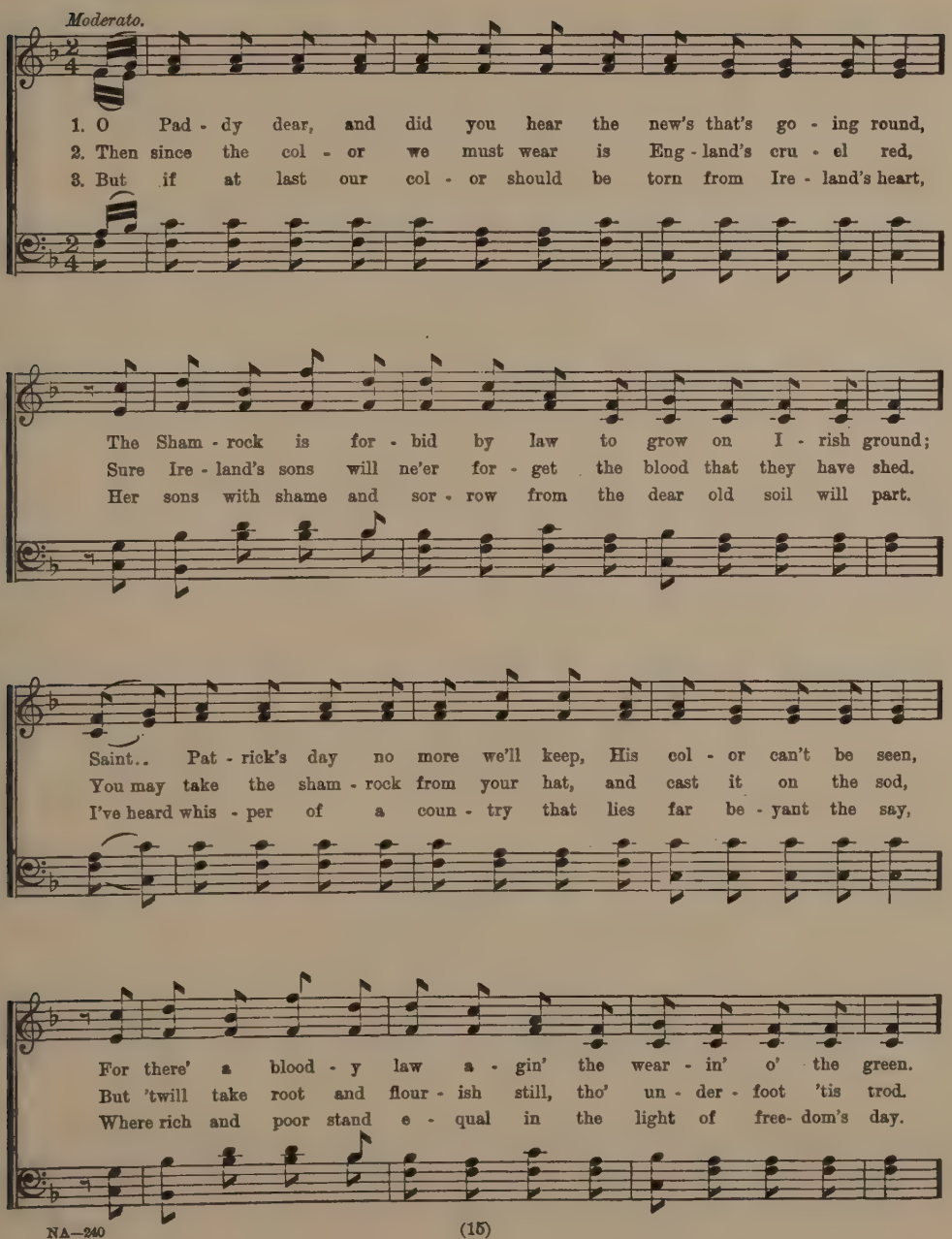
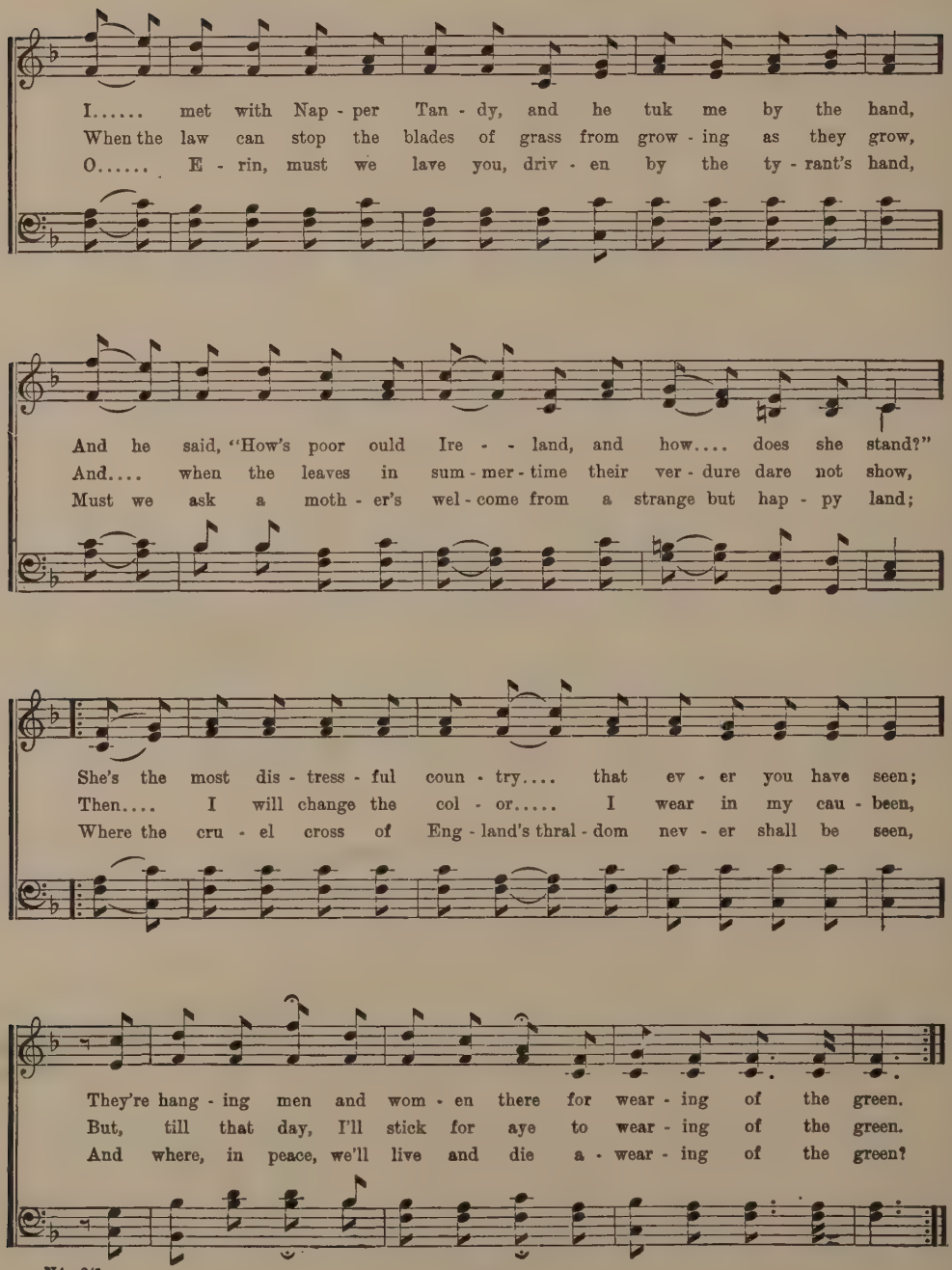
THE WEARING OF THE GREEN.

Words by Dion Boucicault.


Moderato.
1. O Pad - dy dear, and did you hear the new's that's go - ing round,
2. Then since the col - or we must wear is Eng - land's cru - el red,
3. But if at last our col - or should be torn from Ire - land's heart,
The Sham - rock is for - bid by law to grow on I - rish ground;
Sure Ire - land's sons will ne'er for - get the blood that they have shed.
Her sons with shame and sor - row from the dear old soil will part.
Saint.. Pat - rick's day no more we'll keep, His col - or can't be seen,
You may take the sham - rock from your hat, and cast it on the sod,
I've heard whis - per of a coun - try that lies far be - yant the say,
For there' a blood - y law a - gin' the wear - in' o' the green.
But 'twill take root and flour - ish still, tho' un - der - foot 'tis trod.
Where rich and poor stand e - qual in the light of free- dom's day.


I..... met with Nap - per Tan - dy, and he tuk me by the hand,
When the law can stop the blades of grass from grow - ing as they grow,
O..... E - rin, must we lave you, driv - en by the ty - rant's hand,
And he said, "How's poor ould Ire - - land, and how.... does she stand?"
And.... when the leaves in sum - mer - time their ver - dure dare not show,
Must we ask a moth - er's wel - come from a strange but hap - py land;
She's the most dis - tress - ful coun - try.... that ev - er you have seen;
Then.... I will change the col - or..... I wear in my cau - been,
Where the cru - el cross of Eng - land's thral - dom nev - er shall be seen,
They're hang - ing men and wom - en there for wear - ing of the green.
But, till that day, I'll stick for aye to wear - ing of the green.
And where, in peace, we'll live and die a - wear - ing of the green?

WEARIN' OF THE GREEN.

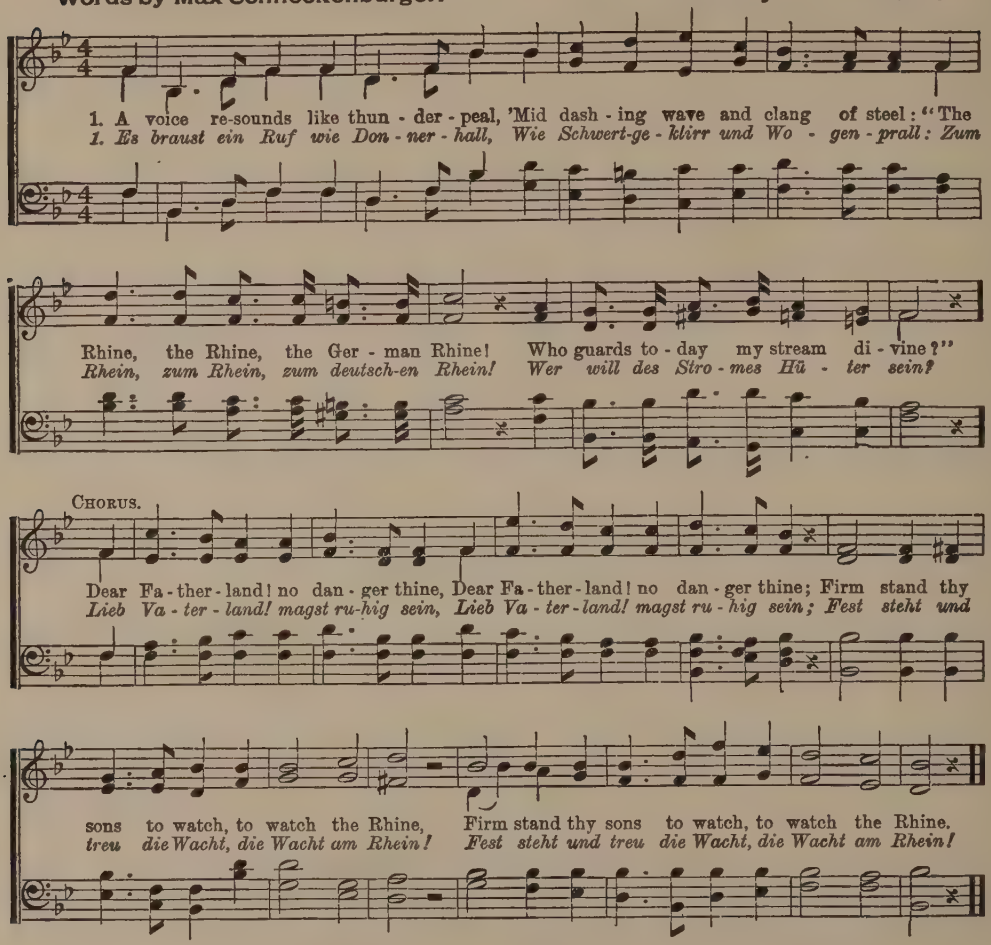
Words by Edith Marshall Chambers, and Boyd B. Chambers. **Air: "Wearin' O' the Green."**

1. Oh, comrades dear, and did you hear
The boast that's going round?
The future deeds of Marshall men
With glory will be crowned.
As loyal sons of old M C
We wear the Shamrock sign,
And pledge our faith by word and deed
Through all the coming time.
We praise the school whose loyal band,
Cheered on from game to game,
Will fight the fight most earnestly
That makes for Marshall's fame.
We'll be the most devoted men
That time has ever seen,
To Marshall's name we will be true
That wear the White and Green.

2. The Shamrock is the tri-leafed sign
Of tribute that we pay,
That honor, faith, and friendship guard
The Marshall laddies' way.
One leaf is for your future fame—
Long may it proudly last!
One means a wish for present joy,
One stands for glories past.
Oh, you that raise the emblem fair
That show a valiant sheen,
May you always proudly, gladly, wear
The noble White and Green.
Then sing a tost to Marshall days
That dear to us have been,
All hail to wearin' of the White
And wearin' of the Green.

THE WATCH ON THE RHINE.

Words by Max Schneckenburger. **Music by Carl Wilhelm.**


1. A voice re-sounds like thun - der - peal, 'Mid dash - ing wave and clang of steel: "The
1. Es braust ein Ruf wie Don - ner - hall, Wie Schwert-ge - klirr und Wo - gen - prall: Zum
Rhine, the Rhine, the Ger - man Rhine! Who guards to - day my stream di - vine?"
Rhein, zum Rhein, zum deutsch-en Rhein! Wer will des Stro - mes Hü - ter sein?
CHORUS.
Dear Fa - ther - land! no dan - ger thine, Dear Fa - ther - land! no dan - ger thine; Firm stand thy
Lieb Va - ter - land! magst ru-hig sein, Lieb Va - ter - land! magst ru - hig sein; Fest steht und
sons to watch, to watch the Rhine, Firm stand thy sons to watch, to watch the Rhine.
treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein! Fest steht und treu die Wacht, die Wacht am Rhein!

2 They stand a hundred thousand strong,
Quick to avenge their country's wrong;
With filial love their bosoms swell;
They'll guard the sacred land-mark well.

3 To heav'n his eager glances fly,
Whence heroes gaze approvingly,
And swears, with haughty pride, the Rhine
Shall German be while life is mine!

4 While flows one drop of German blood,
Or sword remains to guard thy flood,
While rifle rests in patriot's hand,
No foe shall tread thy sacred strand!

5 Our oath resounds, the river flows,
In golden light our banner glows,
Our hearts will guard thy stream divine,
The Rhine, the Rhine, the German Rhine!

2 Durch Hundert-tausend zuckt es schnell,
Und aller Augen blitzen hell;
Der Deutsche, bieder, fromm und stark,
Beschützt die heil'ge Landesmark.

3 Er blickt hinauf in Himmelsau'n,
Da Heldenväter niederschau'n,
Und schwört mit stolzer Kampfeslust,
Du, Rhein, bleibst deutsch wie meine Brust!

4 So lang' ein Tropfen Blut noch glüht,
Noch eine Faust den Degen zieht,
Und noch ein Arm die Büchse spannt,
Betritt kein Feind hier deinen Strand.

5 Der Schwur erschallt, die Woge rinnt,
Die Fahnen flattern hoch im Wind;
Am Rhein, am Rhein, am deutschen Rhein,
Wir alle wollen Hüter sein!

O GREEN AND WHITE.

Words by Don Cornwell. **Air: "Watch On the Rhine."**

1. A band resounds like ocean swirls
'Mid cheering crowd of boys and girls;
"The Green and White," the students' light,
It plays to-day with all its might.

CHORUS.

O Green and White! Our banner bright!
All praise to thee who guards our rights.
Firm stand thy sons to praise, to praise thy might;
Firm stand thy sons to praise, to praise thy might.

2. O Marshall fair! No name so rare
Among thy children everywhere;
For in our state so great thy fame
That all men come to praise thy name.

CHORUS.

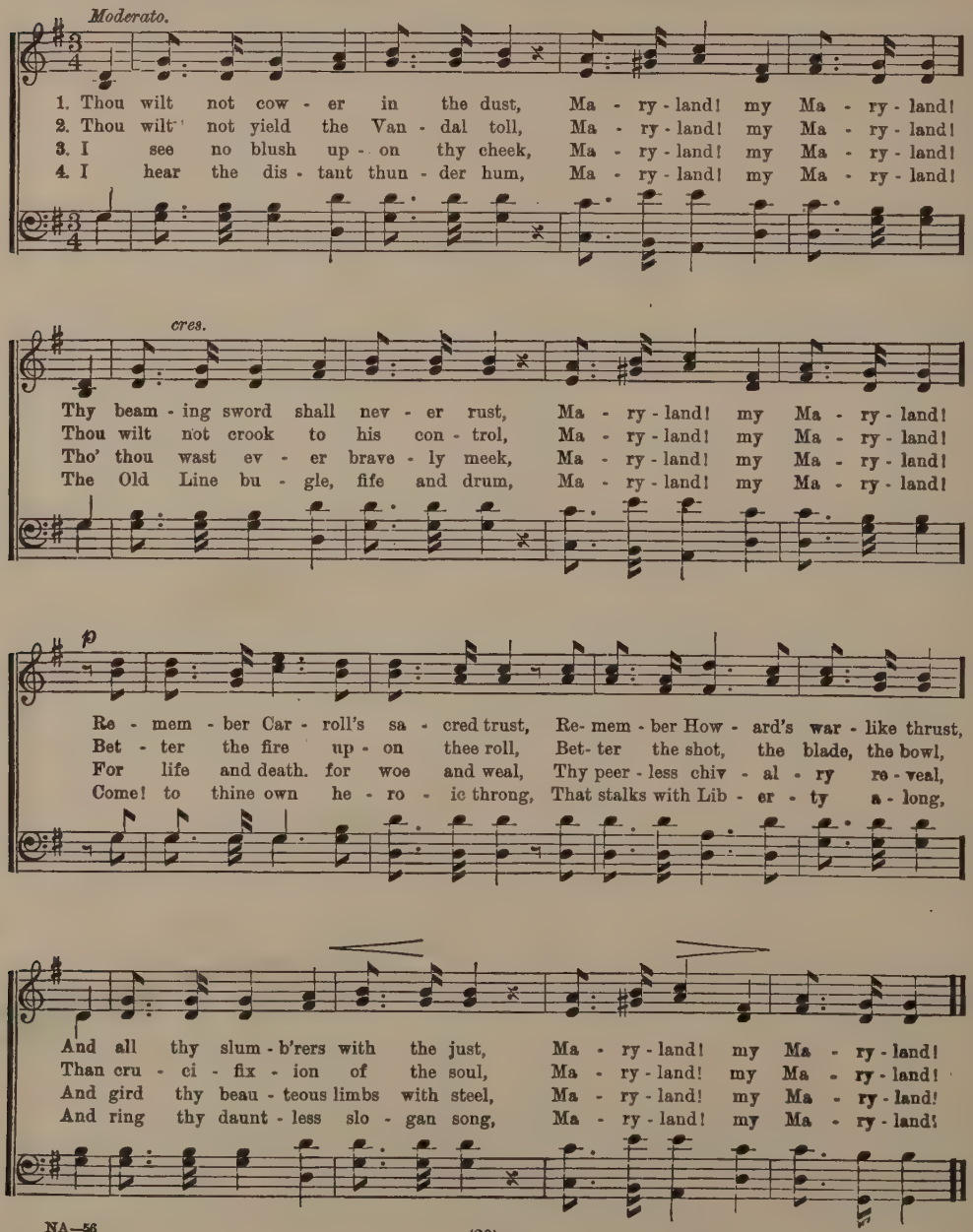
O Green and White! Our banner bright!
All praise to thee who guards our rights.
Firm stand thy sons to praise, to praise thy might;
Firm stand thy sons to praise, to praise thy might.

3. They stand in number, hundreds strong,
Quick to acclaim thy praise in song.
With filial love their voices ring,
With courage strong and true they sing.

CHORUS.

O Green and White! Our banner bright!
All praise to thee who guards our rights.
Firm stand thy sons to praise, to praise thy might,
Firm stand thy sons to praise, to praise thy might.

MARYLAND! MY MARYLAND!

Words by James R. Randall. German melody, "O Tannenbaum."

Moderato.
1. Thou wilt not cow - er in the dust, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
2. Thou wilt not yield the Van - dal toll, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
3. I see no blush up - on thy cheek, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
4. I hear the dis - tant thun - der hum, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
cres.
Thy beam - ing sword shall nev - er rust, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
Thou wilt not crook to his con - trol, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
Tho' thou wast ev - er brave - ly meek, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
The Old Line bu - gle, fife and drum, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
p
Re - mem - ber Car - roll's sa - cred trust, Re- mem - ber How - ard's war - like thrust,
Bet - ter the fire up - on thee roll, Bet- ter the shot, the blade, the bowl,
For life and death. for woe and weal, Thy peer - less chiv - al - ry re - veal,
Come! to thine own he - ro - ic throng, That stalks with Lib - er - ty a - long,
And all thy slum - b'rers with the just, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
Than cru - ci - fix - ion of the soul, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
And gird thy beau - teous limbs with steel, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!
And ring thy daunt - less slo - gan song, Ma - ry - land! my Ma - ry - land!

MARSHALL C.

Words of first two verses by
Jefferson Bradley Workman.

Words of last two verses by
Robert H. C. Kay.

Air: "Maryland, My Maryland."

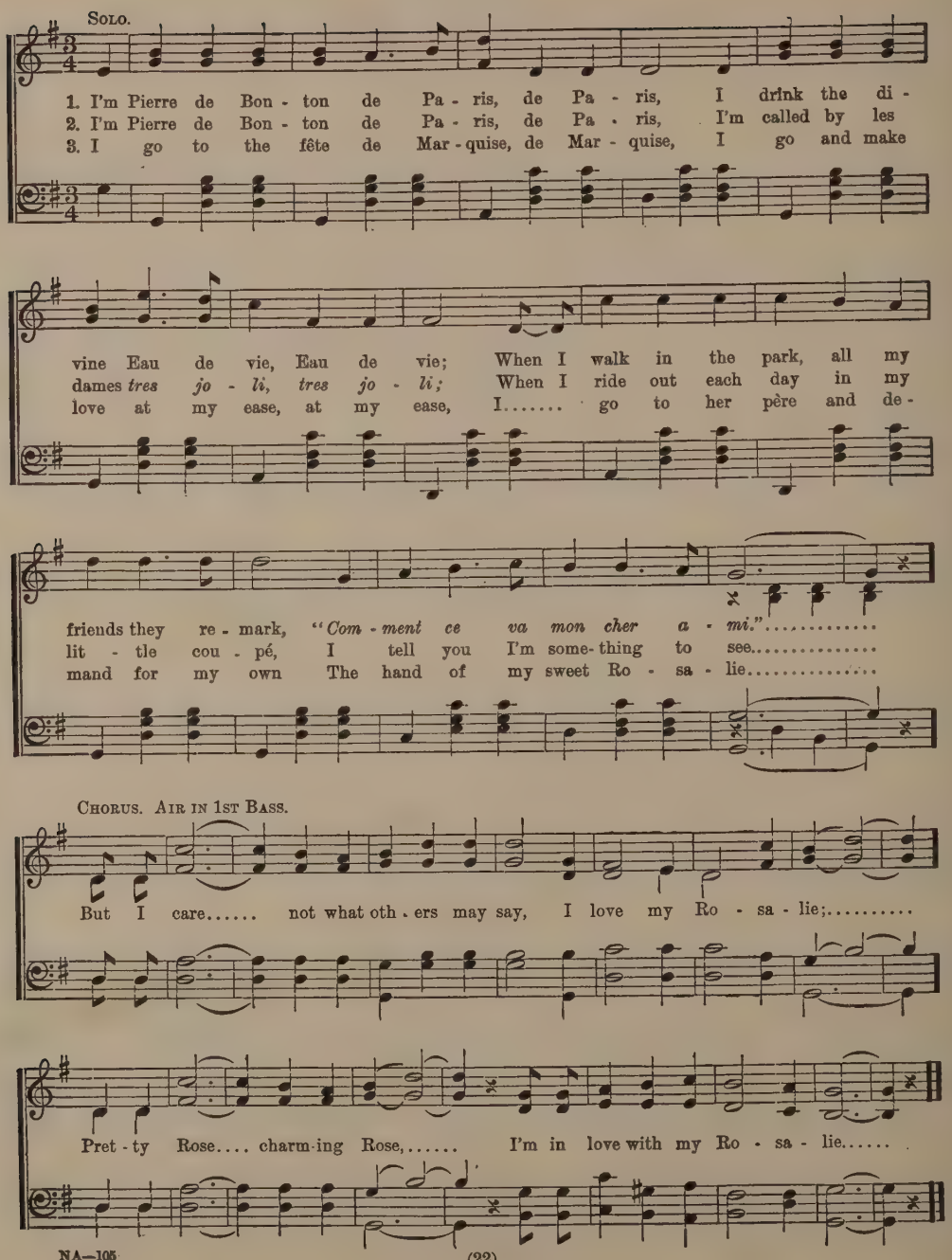
1. To-day we meet to sing the praise
Of Marshall C, Dear Marshall C;
'Tis here we spend our happiest days,
At Marshall C, dear Marshall C;
No other school can half compare,
No other school is half so fair;
We're proud to say our names are there,
At Marshall C, dear Marshall C.

2 And when we leave this school so dear,
Marshall C, dear Marshall C,
Our eyes will fill with many a tear
For Marshall C, dear Marshall C.
And all our lives we hope to share
Her laurels, and her standard bear;
The Green and White we'll always wear,
For Marshall C, our Marshall C.

3. Our minds, our strength, are all for thee,
Marshall C, O Marshall C;
They have been thine and e'er will be,
Marshall C, O Marshall C;
Our aspirations are to see
Thy honor from all dimness free,
To rise and soar unfalteringly,
Marshall C, O Marshall C.

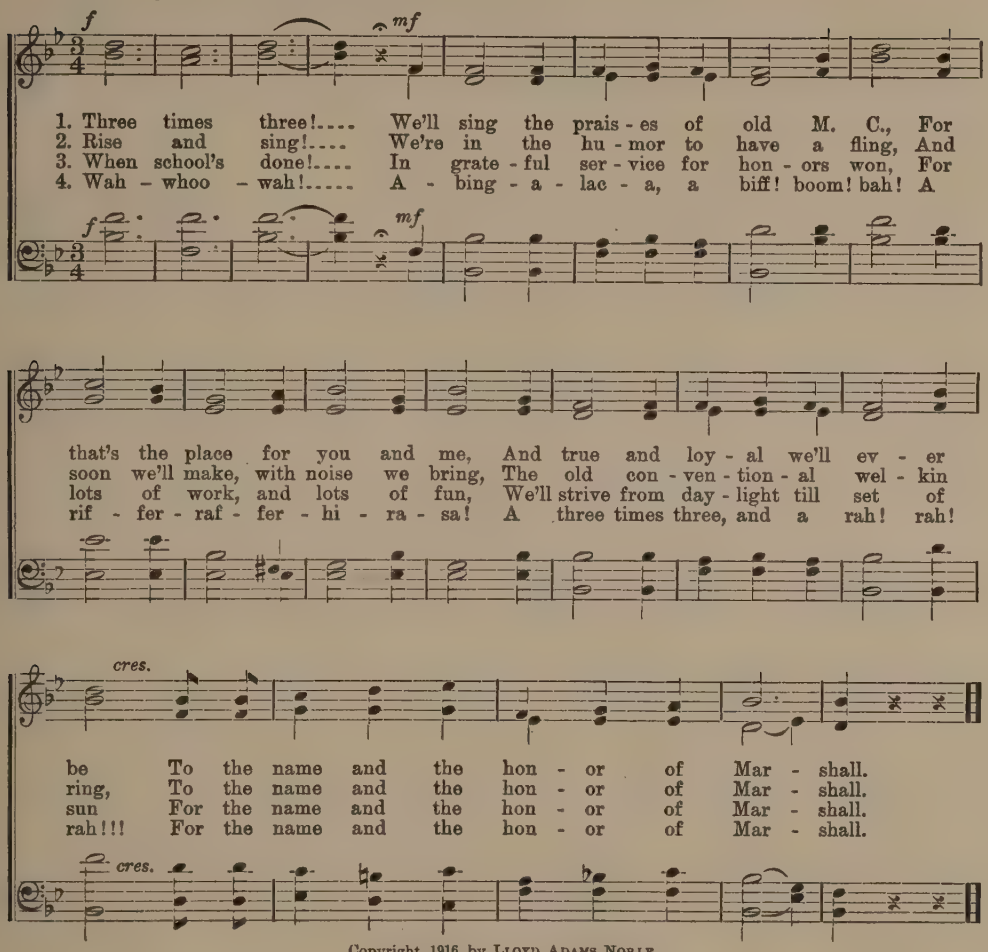
4. For the Green and White we'll always fight,
Marshall C, O Marshall C,
To keep thee ever in the right,
Marshall C, O Marshall C;
Carnations white shall nerve our might,
Strong as the eagle in its flight,
To keep thy undimmed emblems bright,
Marshall C, O Marshall C.

ROSALIE.


Solo.
1. I'm Pierre de Bon - ton de Pa - ris, de Pa - ris, I drink the di -
2. I'm Pierre de Bon - ton de Pa - ris, de Pa - ris, I'm called by les
3. I go to the fête de Mar - quise, de Mar - quise, I go and make
vine Eau de vie, Eau de vie; When I walk in the park, all my
dames tres jo - li, tres jo - li; When I ride out each day in my
love at my ease, at my ease, I..... go to her père and de -
friends they re - mark, "Com - ment ce va mon cher a - mi."
lit - tle cou - pé, I tell you I'm some - thing to see.....
mand for my own The hand of my sweet Ro - sa - lie.....
Chorus. Air in 1st Bass.
But I care..... not what oth - ers may say, I love my Ro - sa - lie;.....
Pret - ty Rose.... charm - ing Rose,..... I'm in love with my Ro - sa - lie.....

THREE TIMES THREE.

Words by Harriet Dale Johnson.


1. Three times three!.... We'll sing the prais - es of old M. C., For
2. Rise and sing!.... We're in the hu - mor to have a fling, And
3. When school's done!.... In grate - ful ser - vice for hon - ors won, For
4. Wah - whoo - wah!..... A - bing - a - lac - a, a biff! boom! bah! A
that's the place for you and me, And true and loy - al we'll ev - er
soon we'll make, with noise we bring, The old con - ven - tion - al wel - kin
lots of work, and lots of fun, We'll strive from day - light till set of
rif - fer - raf - fer - hi - ra - sa! A three times three, and a rah! rah!
be To the name and the hon - or of Mar - shall.
ring, To the name and the hon - or of Mar - shall.
sun For the name and the hon - or of Mar - shall.
rah!!! For the name and the hon - or of Mar - shall.

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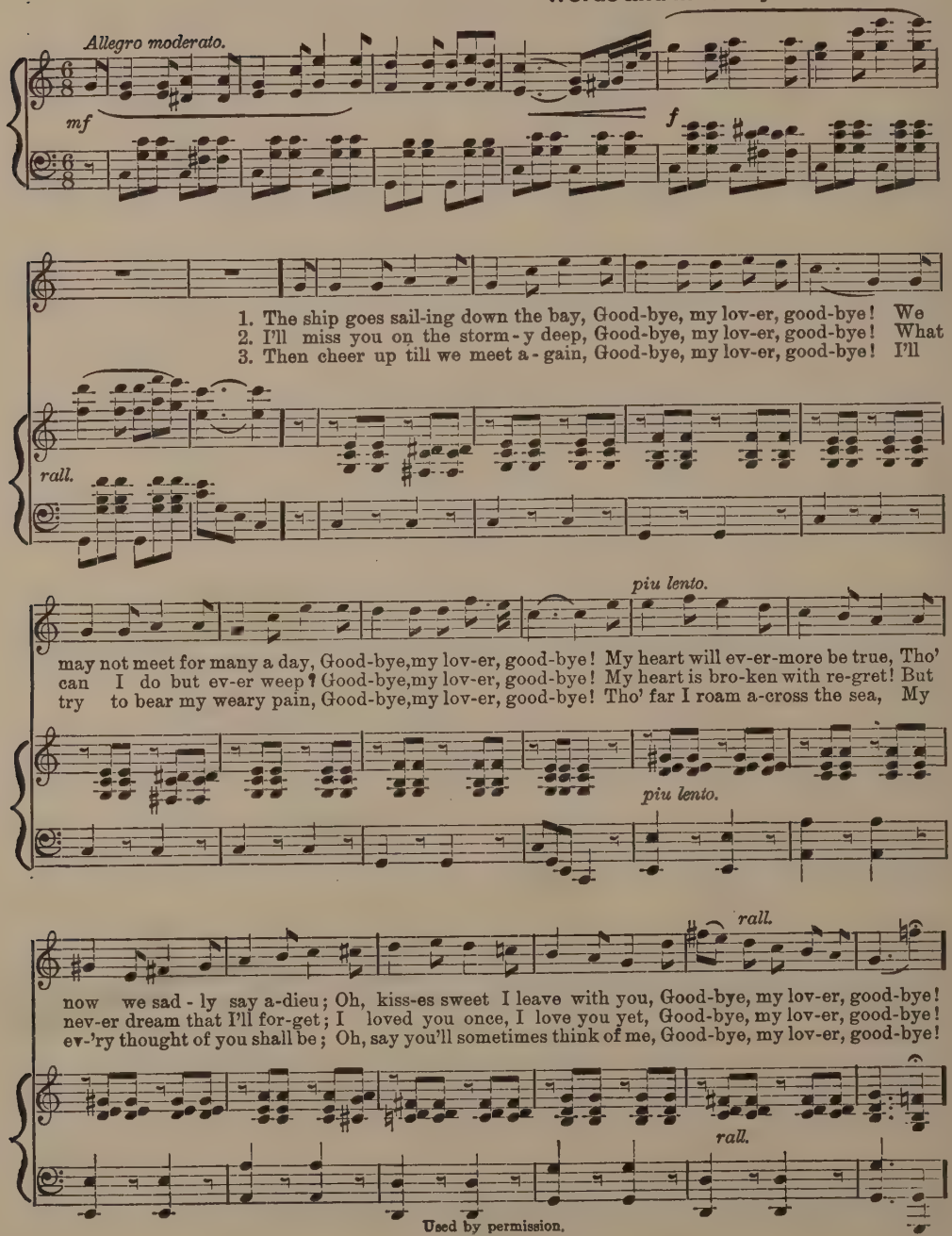
WE COME FROM FAIR MARSHALL.

Words by Gladsy White. **Air: "Rosalie."**

We come from the halls of M. C., of M. C.
We've found it a place good to be, good to be,
Her colors so bright are the green and the white,
And they're colors that look good to me,
We're a happy-go-lucky good crew,
And to Marshall we'll be true,
Marshall dear, Marshall fair,
To old Marshall we'll be true,

GOOD-BYE, MY LOVER, GOOD-BYE!

Words and music by T. H. Allen.


Allegro moderato.
mf
f
1. The ship goes sail-ing down the bay, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! We
2. I'll miss you on the storm-y deep, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! What
3. Then cheer up till we meet a-gain, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye! I'll
rall.
piu lento.
may not meet for many a day, Good-bye,my lov-er, good-bye! My heart will ev-er-more be true, Tho'
can I do but ev-er weep? Good-bye,my lov-er, good-bye! My heart is bro-ken with re-gret! But
try to bear my weary pain, Good-bye,my lov-er, good-bye! Tho' far I roam a-cross the sea, My
piu lento.
rall.
now we sad-ly say a-dieu; Oh, kiss-es sweet I leave with you, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye!
nev-er dream that I'll for-get; I loved you once, I love you yet, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye!
ev-'ry thought of you shall be; Oh, say you'll sometimes think of me, Good-bye, my lov-er, good-bye!
rall.

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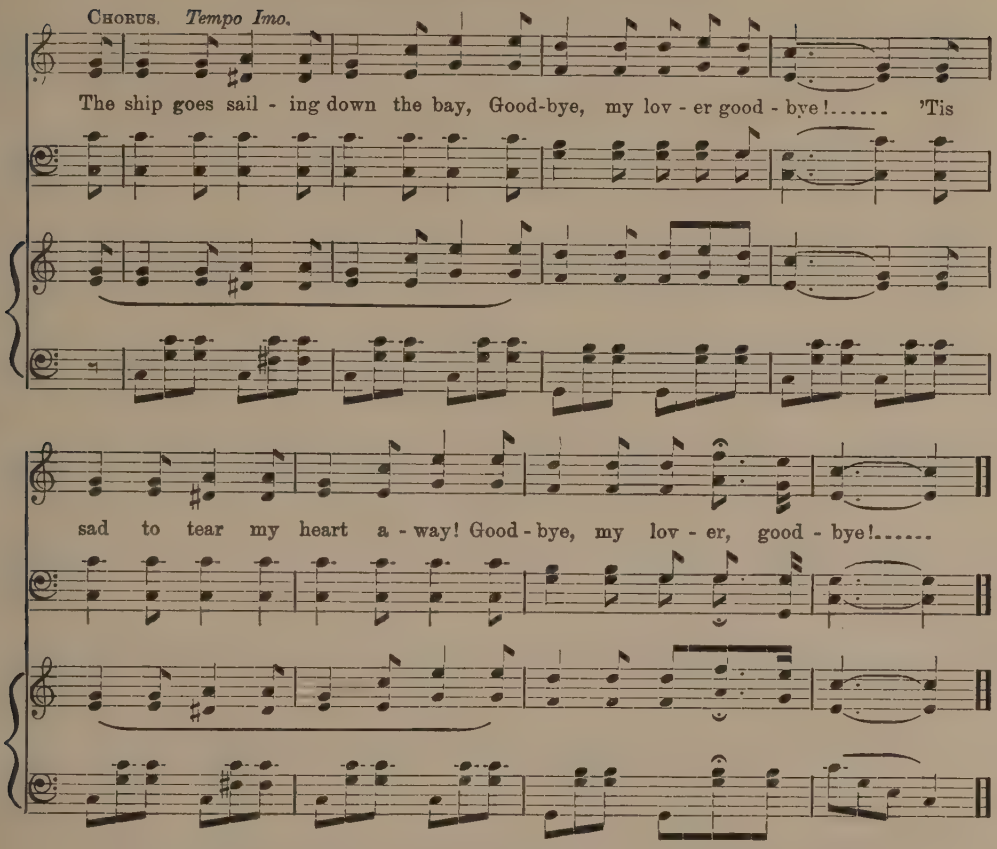
GOOD-BYE, MY LOVER, GOOD-BYE!


Chorus. Tempo Imo.
The ship goes sail - ing down the bay, Good-bye, my lov - er good - bye!..... 'Tis
sad to tear my heart a - way! Good - bye, my lov - er, good - bye!.....

GOOD-BYE, DEAR MARSHALL, GOOD-BYE!

Words by Elizabeth Colwell. **Air: "Good-bye, My Lover, Good-bye!"**

1. Our ship goes sailing out to-day,
   Good-bye, dear Marshall, good-bye.
   And soon we'll all be far away,
   Good-bye, dear Marshall, good-bye.
   Our hearts will ever more be true,
   Though now we sadly say adieu;
   Thy love will last the long year through,
   Good-bye, dear Marshall, good-bye.

Chorus.

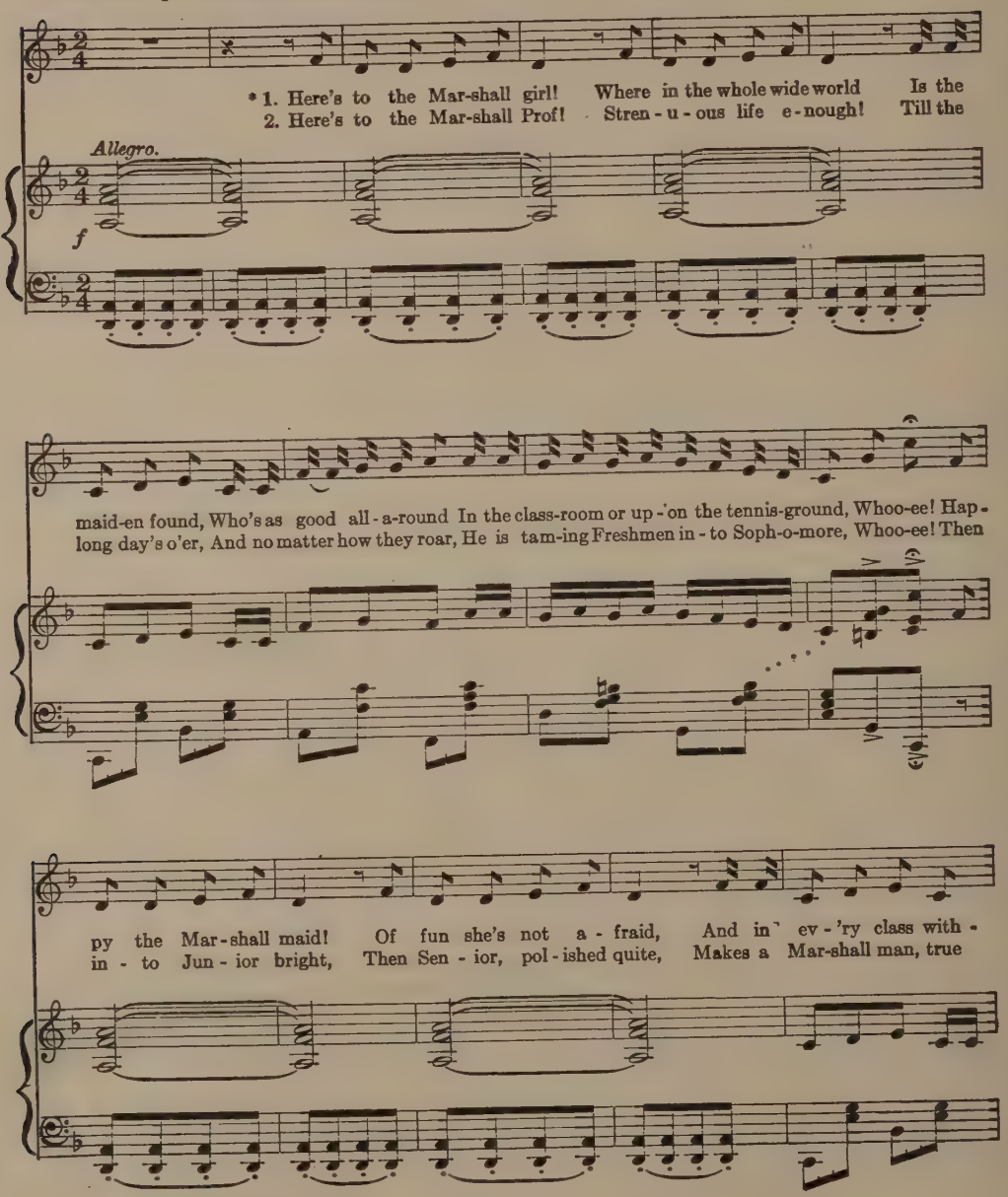
Our ship goes sailing out to-day,
Good-bye, dear Marshall, good-bye,
'Tis sad to tear our hearts away,
Good-bye, dear Marshall, good-bye.

2. Thy banners e'er shall be unfurled,
   Good-bye, dear Marshall, good-bye.
   Thy name be known through all the world,
   Good-bye, dear Marshall, good-bye.
   Our hearts are saddened with regret,
   And we will never once forget,
   We loved thee once, we love thee yet,
   Good-bye, dear Marshall, good-bye.—Cho.

3. Thy glory shall still brighter shine,
   Good-bye, dear Marshall, good-bye.
   And many laurels more be thine,
   Good-bye, dear Marshall, good-bye,
   Though far we roam across the sea,
   Still many thoughts we'll have of thee
   And still our hearts will loyal be,
   Good-bye, dear Marshall, good-bye.—Cho.

BOOM, BOOM, BOOM!

Words by Harriet Dale Johnson. **Music by Walter C. Stier.**


*1. Here's to the Mar-shall girl! Where in the whole wide world Is the
2. Here's to the Mar-shall Prof! Stren-u-ous life e-nough! Till the
Allegro.
f
maid-en found, Who's as good all-a-round In the class-room or up-'on the tennis-ground, Whoo-ee! Hap-
long day's o'er, And no matter how they roar, He is tam-ing Freshmen in-to Soph-o-more, Whoo-ee! Then
py the Mar-shall maid! Of fun she's not a-fraid, And in' ev-'ry class with-
in-to Jun-ior bright, Then Sen-ior, pol-ished quite, Makes a Mar-shall man, true

* Give several who-ees before each verse.

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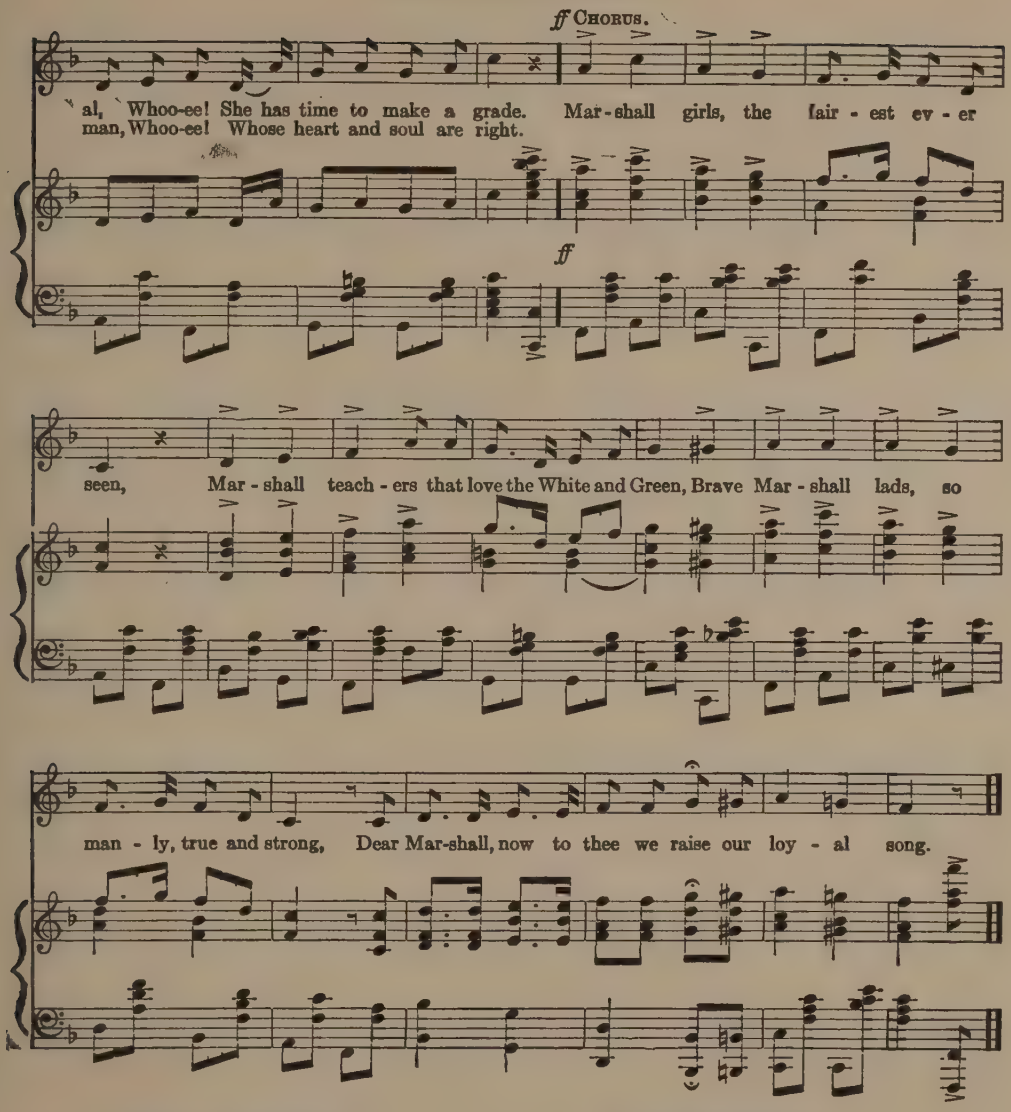
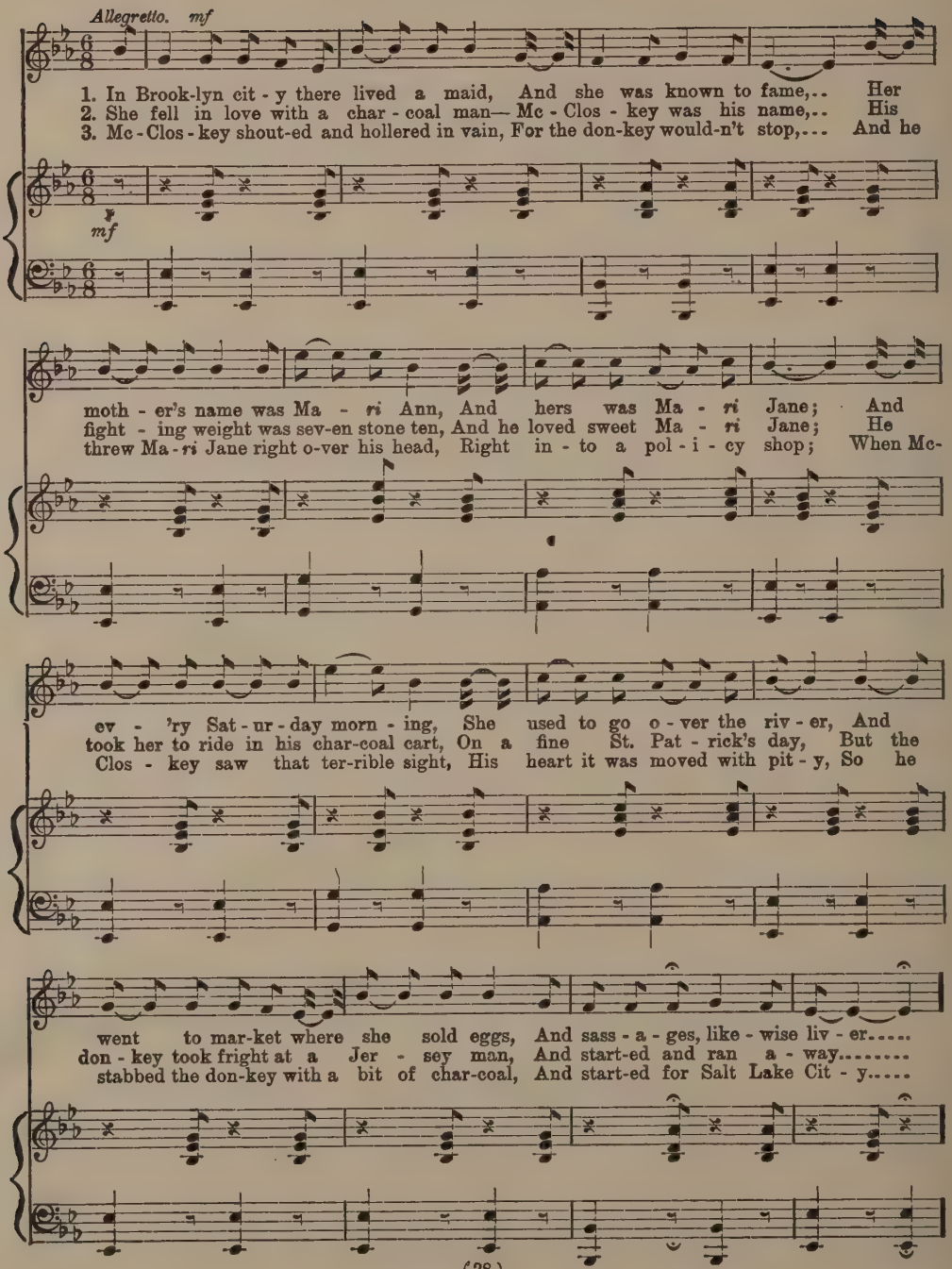
BOOM, BOOM, BOOM!


ff Chorus.
al, Whoo-ee! She has time to make a grade. Mar-shall girls, the fair-est ev-er
man, Whoo-ee! Whose heart and soul are right.
ff
seen, Mar-shall teach-ers that love the White and Green, Brave Mar-shall lads, so
man-ly, true and strong, Dear Mar-shall, now to thee we raise our loy-al song.

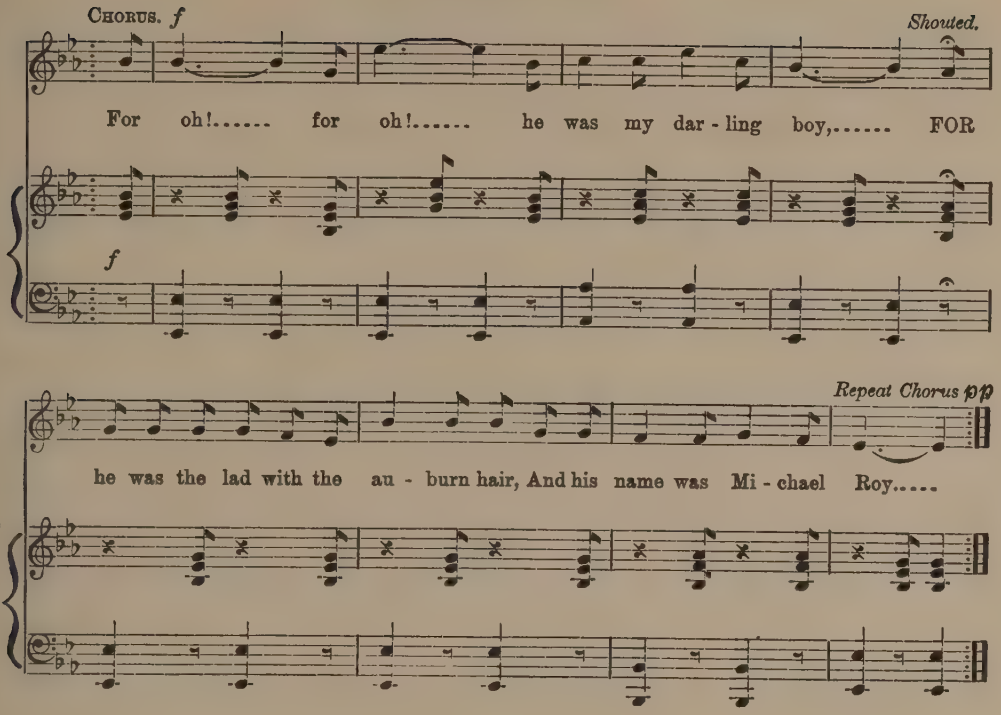
3. Here's to the Marshall boy!
Ever a thing of joy!
Now on mischief bent,
Now on lessons intent,
(Now in quest of good fat bones to pay his rent,
Whooee!
Hear him in grave debate,
See him arrange a date,
He is frisky, foxy, fierce,
Whooee!)
And his loyalty is great.—Cho.

4. We love our college dear,
Better with every year;
Though she makes us work,
Who would want to shirk,
And to hunt the region where the flunk grades lurk,
Whooee!
For they will jump right out,
And if you loaf about
Then, believe me, they'll get you,
Whooee!
Oh, there isn't any doubt.—Cho.

MICHAEL ROY.


Allegretto. mf
1. In Brook-lyn cit - y there lived a maid, And she was known to fame,.. Her
2. She fell in love with a char - coal man— Mc - Clos - key was his name,.. His
3. Mc - Clos - key shout-ed and hollered in vain, For the don-key would-n't stop,.... And he
mf
moth - er's name was Ma - ri Ann, And hers was Ma - ri Jane; And
fight - ing weight was sev-en stone ten, And he loved sweet Ma - ri Jane; He
threw Ma - ri Jane right o-ver his head, Right in - to a pol - i - cy shop; When Mc-
ev - 'ry Sat - ur - day morn - ing, She used to go o - ver the riv - er, And
took her to ride in his char-coal cart, On a fine St. Pat - rick's day, But the
Clos - key saw that ter-rible sight, His heart it was moved with pit - y, So he
went to mar-ket where she sold eggs, And sass - a - ges, like - wise liv - er.....
don - key took fright at a Jer - sey man, And start-ed and ran a - way.....
stabbed the don-key with a bit of char-coal, And start-ed for Salt Lake Cit - y.....

MICHAEL ROY.


Chorus. f
Shouted.
For oh!..... for oh!..... he was my dar - ling boy,..... FOR
f
Repeat Chorus pp
he was the lad with the au - burn hair, And his name was Mi - chael Roy.....

IT IS THE SCHOOL FOR ME.

Words by Harriet Dale Johnson. **Air: "Michael Roy."**

1. In West Virginia there is a school, and it is known to fame,
'Tis in the town of Huntington, and Marshall is its name,
And close beside the green campus there flows the Ohio River,
And 'neath the blast of the winter sky the twigs of the beech trees quiver.

Chorus.

And oh! and oh! it is the school for me,
For this is the place where I learned to love the name of old M. C.

2. The world has many a lovely spot in lands I fain would know;
For student days will soon be o'er with all of weal and woe,
And yet wherever I wander, I'll never forget that name,
And midst the cares of the busy days will echo the old refrain.

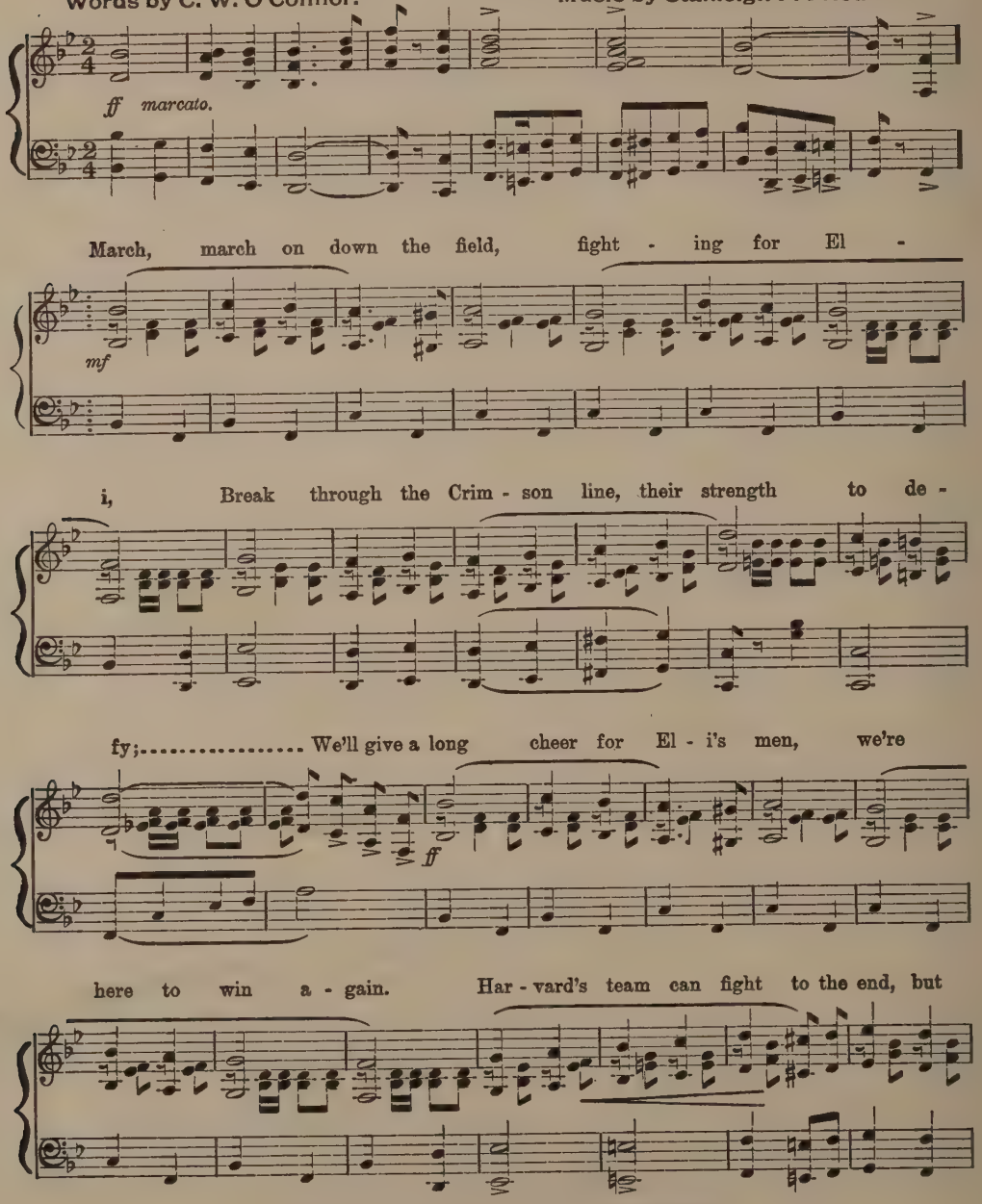
Chorus.

And oh! and oh! it is the school for me,
For this is the place where I learned to love the name of old M. C.

DOWN THE FIELD.

MARCH AND TWO-STEP.

Words by C. W. O'Connor. Music by Stanleigh P. Friedman.


ff marcato.
March, march on down the field, fight - ing for El -
mf
i, Break through the Crim - son line, their strength to de -
fy;..... We'll give a long cheer for El - i's men, we're
ff
here to win a - gain. Har - vard's team can fight to the end, but

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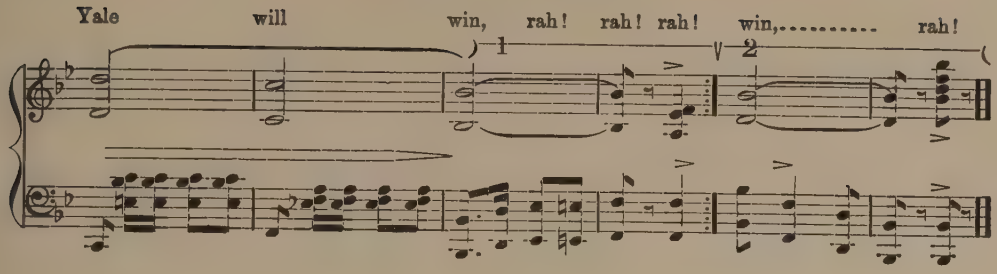
DOWN THE FIELD.

MARCH, MARCH ON.

Words by Harriet Dale Johnson. Air: "Down the Field."

1. March, march on down the field,
   Guard Marshall's honor,
   Never a vantage yield,
   But hit hard and conquer.

CHORUS.

Then give a long cheer for Marshall's men,
They win again, again,
Though our foes may fight to the end,
Marshall will win.

2. Let every Marshall man,
   Mindful of honor,
   Guard Alma Mater's name,
   Bring laurels upon her.

CHORUS.

Then give a long cheer for Marshall's men,
They win again, again,
Though our foes may fight to the end,
Marshall will win.

3. March, march on, Marshall men,
   With courage royal,
   Ever the right pursue,
   With hearts always loyal.

CHORUS.

Then give a long cheer for Marshall's men,
They win again, again,
Though our foes may fight to the end,
Marshall will win.

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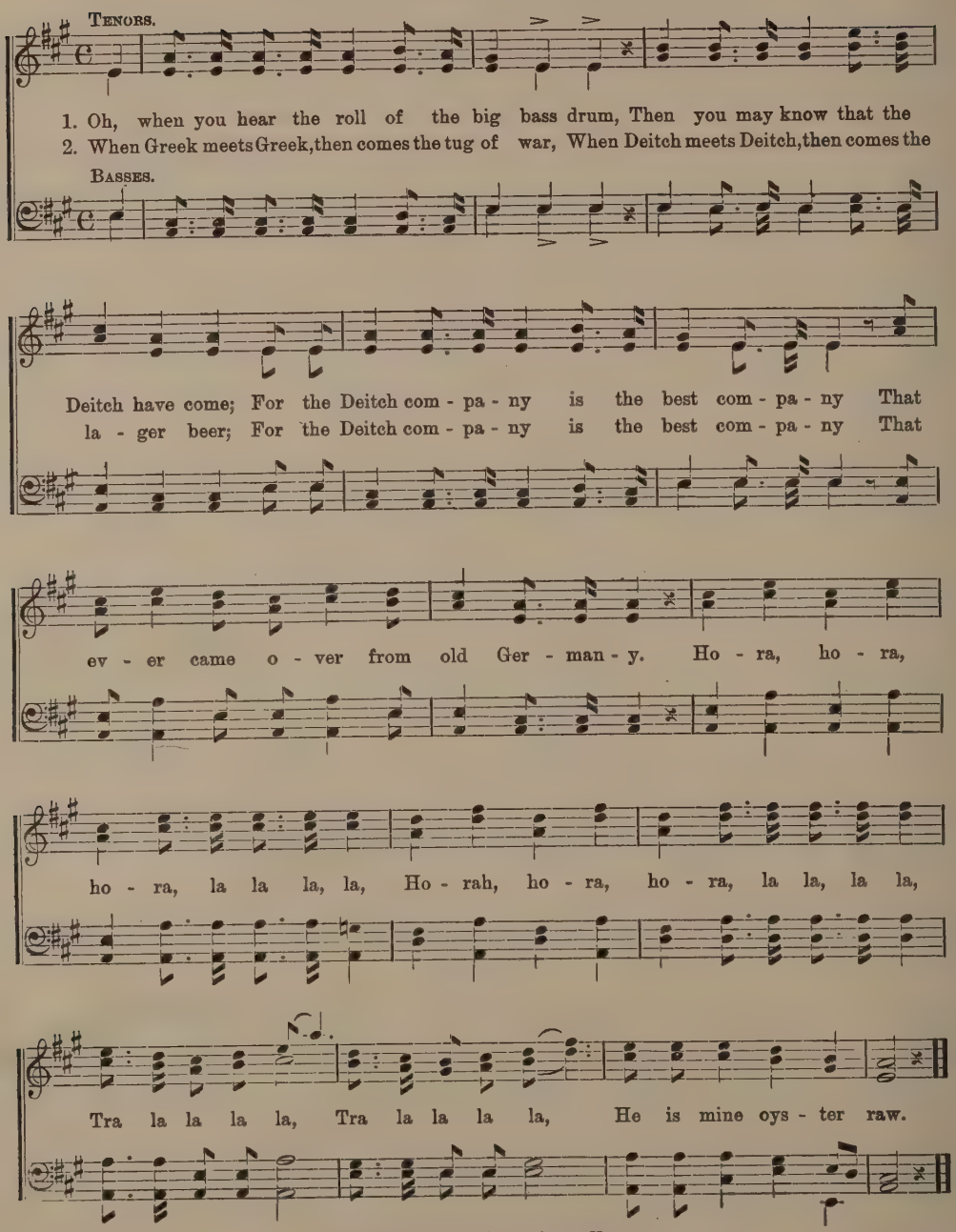
THE DUTCH COMPANY.


Tenors.
1. Oh, when you hear the roll of the big bass drum, Then you may know that the
2. When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war, When Deitch meets Deitch, then comes the
Basses.
Deitch have come; For the Deitch com - pa - ny is the best com - pa - ny That
la - ger beer; For the Deitch com - pa - ny is the best com - pa - ny That
ev - er came o - ver from old Ger - man - y. Ho - ra, ho - ra,
ho - ra, la la la, la, Ho - rah, ho - ra, ho - ra, la la, la la,
Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, He is mine oys - ter raw.

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THE BIG GREEN TEAM.

Words by Harriet Dale Johnson.
and Boyd B. Chambers. **Air: "The Dutch Company."**

1. Oh, when you hear the roll of the big bass drum,
Then you may know that the ball team's come,
And our ball team is the best ball tea
That ever came over from West Virginia.

2. Oh, there's — —, — —, and fightin' —, **
— — — —, — —, — —, and all the rest;
And our ball team is the best ball team
That ever came over from West Virginia.

3. Oh, when you see a man on the BIG GREEN team,
Then you may know he's the "cream of cream,"
For the cleanest, the strongest ever seen
Are the men who play on the great BIG GREEN,

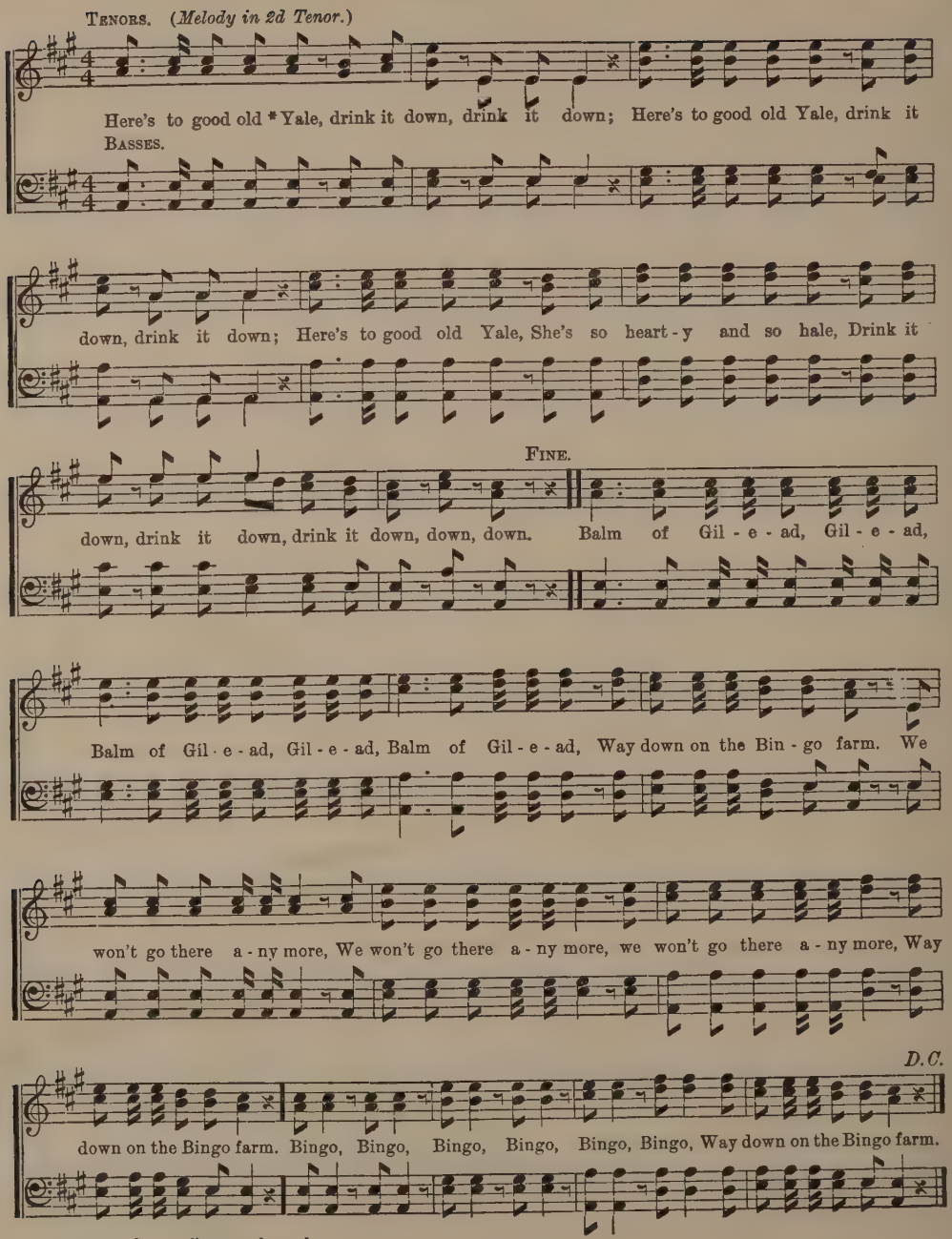
*Names of players to be supplied by students each year.

YE MEN OF MARSHALL.

Words by Boyd B. Chambers. **Air: "The Fight is On."**

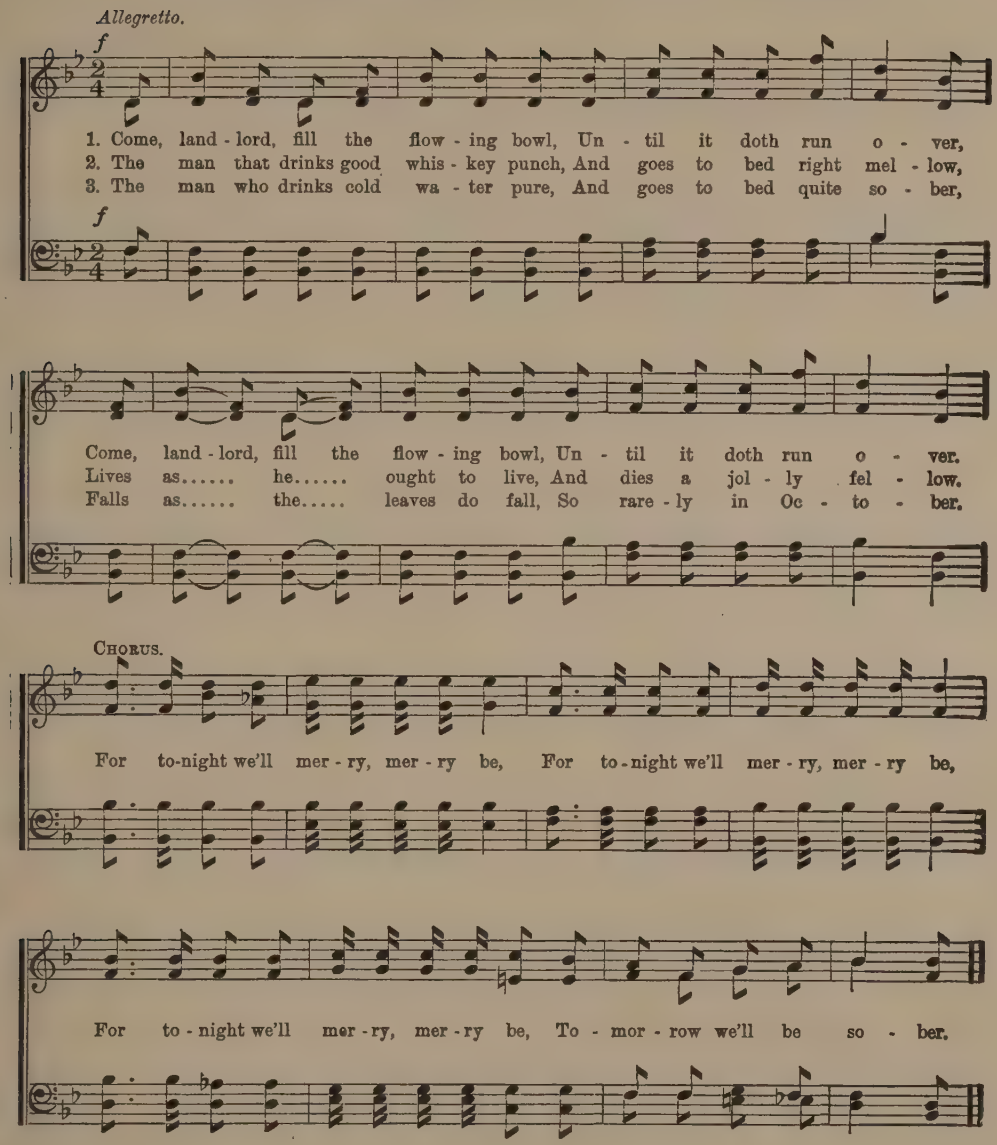
You are the pride, ye men of Marshall,
Of West Virginia's finest sons;
Then for the honor of Alma Mater
Fight on until the fight is won.
Be brave and true, ye men of Marshall,
And fight as only Marshall can;
Just work together, yes all together,
And Marshall shall forever stand.

BINGO.


Tenors. (Melody in 2d Tenor.)
Here's to good old * Yale, drink it down, drink it down; Here's to good old Yale, drink it
Basses.
down, drink it down; Here's to good old Yale, She's so heart-y and so hale, Drink it
Fine.
down, drink it down, drink it down, down, down. Balm of Gil-e-ad, Gil-e-ad,
Balm of Gil-e-ad, Gil-e-ad, Balm of Gil-e-ad, Way down on the Bin-go farm. We
won't go there a-ny more, We won't go there a-ny more, we won't go there a-ny more, Way
D.C.
down on the Bingo farm. Bingo, Bingo, Bingo, Bingo, Bingo, Bingo, Way down on the Bingo farm.

* The name of any college may be used.

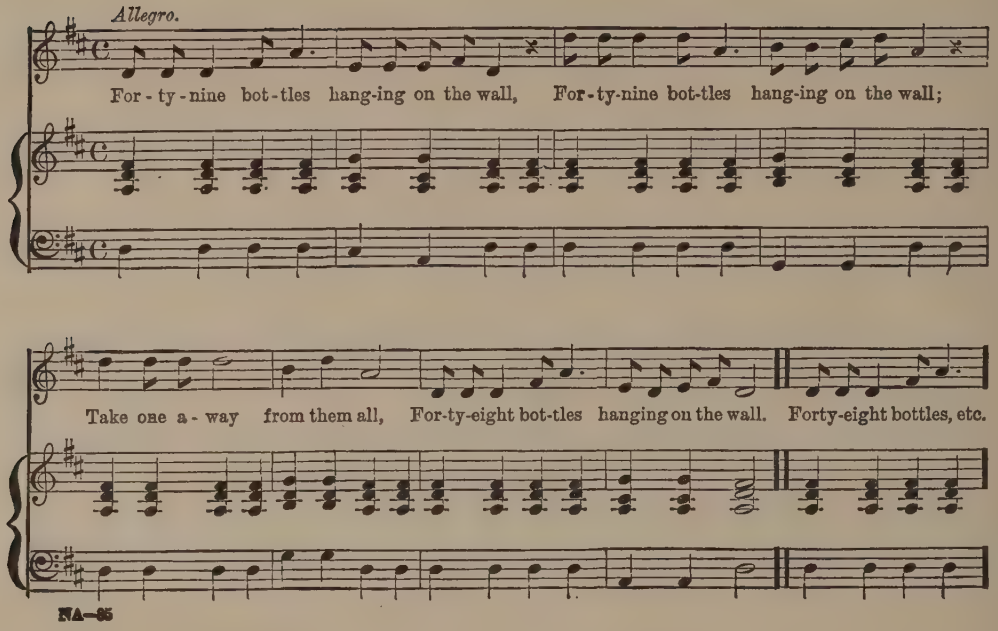
LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL.


Allegretto.
f
1. Come, land - lord, fill the flow - ing bowl, Un - til it doth run o - ver,
2. The man that drinks good whis - key punch, And goes to bed right mel - low,
3. The man who drinks cold wa - ter pure, And goes to bed quite so - ber,
f
Come, land - lord, fill the flow - ing bowl, Un - til it doth run o - ver.
Lives as..... he..... ought to live, And dies a jol - ly fel - low.
Falls as..... the..... leaves do fall, So rare - ly in Oc - to - ber.
Chorus.
For to-night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be, For to-night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be,
For to - night we'll mer - ry, mer - ry be, To - mor - row we'll be so - ber.

4 But he who drinks just what he likes,
And getteth "half seas over,"
Will live until he dies, perhaps,
And then lie down in clover.

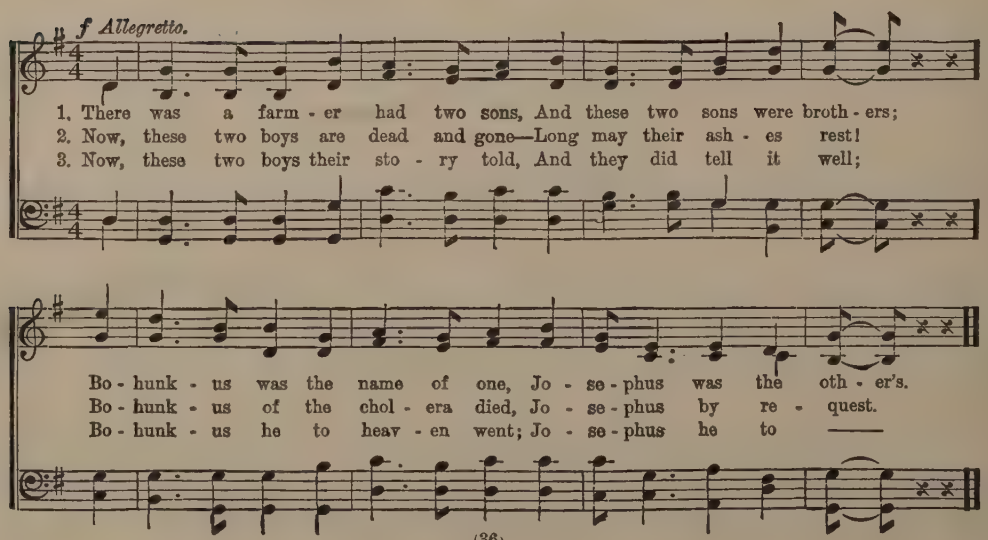
5 A pretty girl that gets a kiss,
And goes and tells her mother,
Does a very foolish thing,
And don't deserve another.

FORTY-NINE BOTTLES.

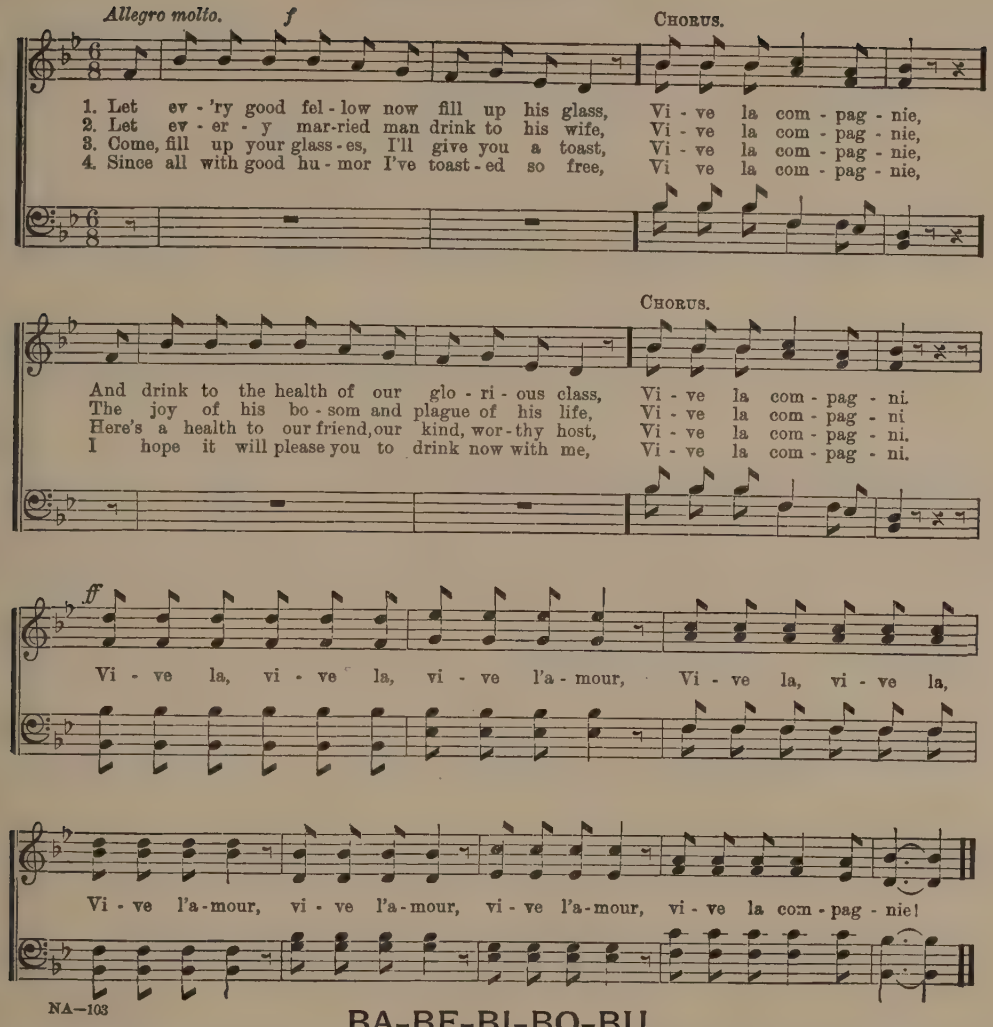

Allegro.
For-ty-nine bot-tles hang-ing on the wall, For-ty-nine bot-tles hang-ing on the wall;
Take one a-way from them all, For-ty-eight bot-tles hanging on the wall. Forty-eight bottles, etc.

NA—35

BOHUNKUS.

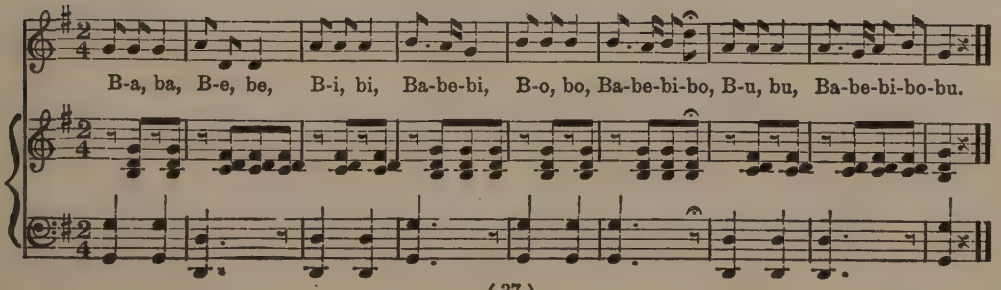

f Allegretto.
1. There was a farm-er had two sons, And these two sons were broth-ers;
2. Now, these two boys are dead and gone—Long may their ash-es rest!
3. Now, these two boys their sto-ry told, And they did tell it well;
Bo-hunk-us was the name of one, Jo-se-phus was the oth-er's.
Bo-hunk-us of the chol-era died, Jo-se-phus by re-quest.
Bo-hunk-us he to heav-en went; Jo-se-phus he to ——

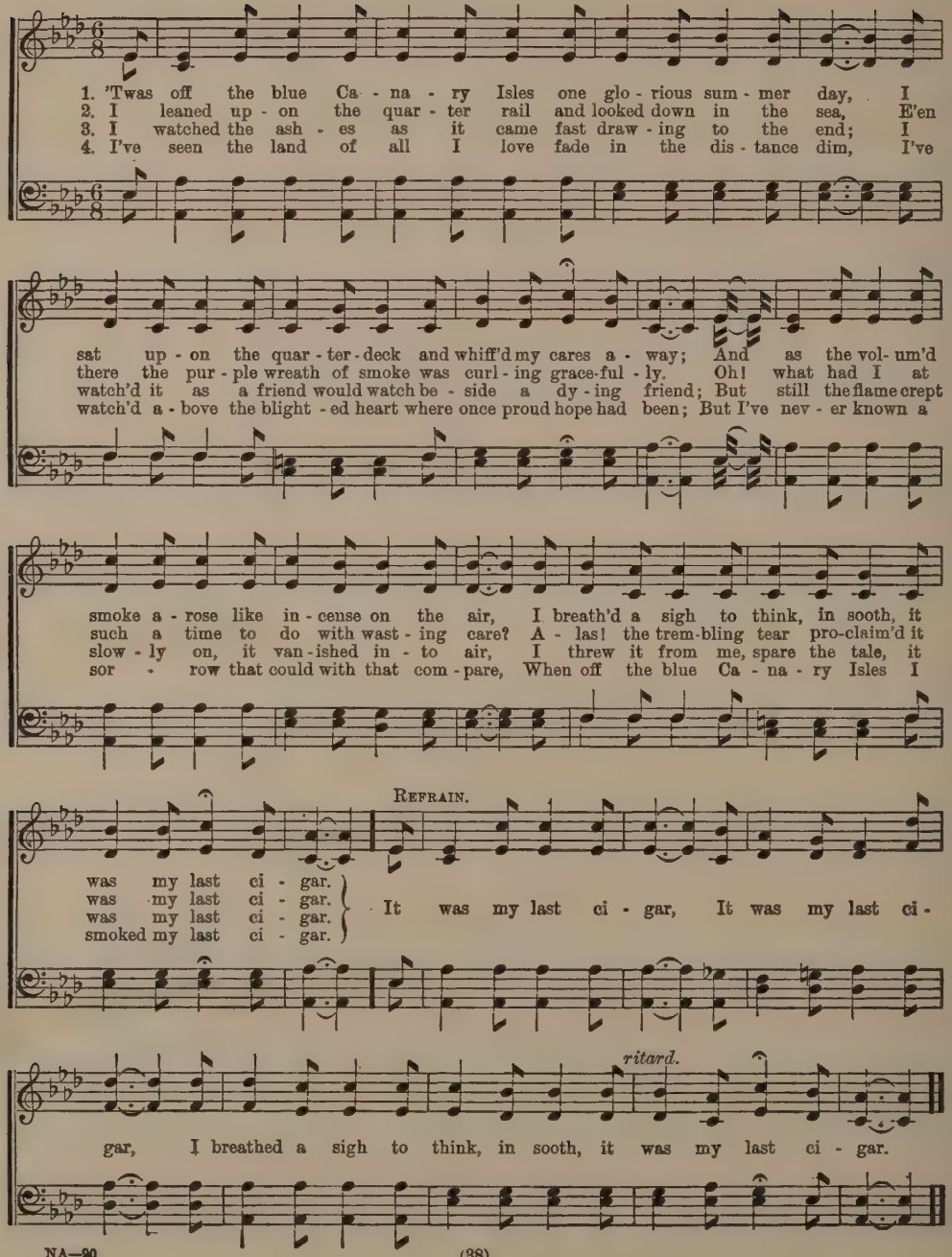
VIVE L'AMOUR.


Allegro molto.
f
CHORUS.
1. Let ev - 'ry good fel - low now fill up his glass, Vi - ve la com - pag - nie,
2. Let ev - er - y mar-ried man drink to his wife, Vi - ve la com - pag - nie,
3. Come, fill up your glass - es, I'll give you a toast, Vi - ve la com - pag - nie,
4. Since all with good hu - mor I've toast - ed so free, Vi ve la com - pag - nie,
CHORUS.
And drink to the health of our glo - ri - ous class, Vi - ve la com - pag - ni.
The joy of his bo - som and plague of his life, Vi - ve la com - pag - ni
Here's a health to our friend, our kind, wor - thy host, Vi - ve la com - pag - ni.
I hope it will please you to drink now with me, Vi - ve la com - pag - ni.
ff
Vi - ve la, vi - ve la, vi - ve l'a - mour, Vi - ve la, vi - ve la,
Vi - ve l'a - mour, vi - ve l'a - mour, vi - ve l'a - mour, vi - ve la com - pag - nie!

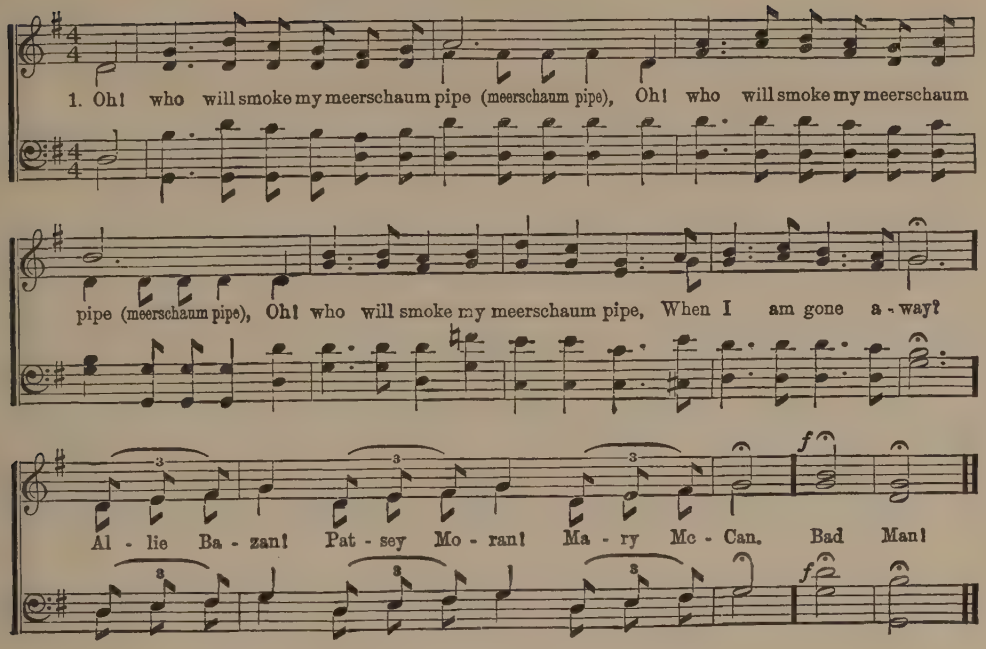
NA—103

BA-BE-BI-BO-BU.



MY LAST CIGAR.

1. 'Twas off the blue Ca - na - ry Isles one glo - rious sum - mer day, I
2. I leaned up - on the quar - ter rail and looked down in the sea, E'en
3. I watched the ash - es as it came fast draw - ing to the end; I
4. I've seen the land of all I love fade in the dis - tance dim, I've
sat up - on the quar - ter - deck and whiff'd my cares a - way; And as the vol- um'd
there the pur - ple wreath of smoke was curl - ing grace-ful - ly. Oh! what had I at
watch'd it as a friend would watch be - side a dy - ing friend; But still the flame crept
watch'd a - bove the blight - ed heart where once proud hope had been; But I've nev - er known a
smoke a - rose like in - cense on the air, I breath'd a sigh to think, in sooth, it
such a time to do with wast - ing care? A - las! the trem-bling tear pro-claim'd it
slow - ly on, it van - ished in - to air, I threw it from me, spare the tale, it
sor - row that could with that com - pare, When off the blue Ca - na - ry Isles I
REFRAIN.
was my last ci - gar.
was my last ci - gar.
was my last ci - gar.
smoked my last ci - gar.
It was my last ci - gar, It was my last ci -
ritard.
gar, I breathed a sigh to think, in sooth, it was my last ci - gar.

MEERSCHAUM PIPE.


1. Oh! who will smoke my meerschaum pipe (meerschaum pipe), Oh! who will smoke my meerschaum
pipe (meerschaum pipe), Oh! who will smoke my meerschaum pipe, When I am gone a-way?
Al-lie Ba-zan! Pat-sey Mo-ran! Ma-ry Mc-Can. Bad Man!

2 Oh! who will wear my cast-off boots (cast-off boots),
Oh! who will wear my cast-off boots (cast-off boots),
Oh! who will wear my cast-off boots,
When I am gone away?
Allie Bazan! Patsey Moran! Mary McCan! Kazecazan!

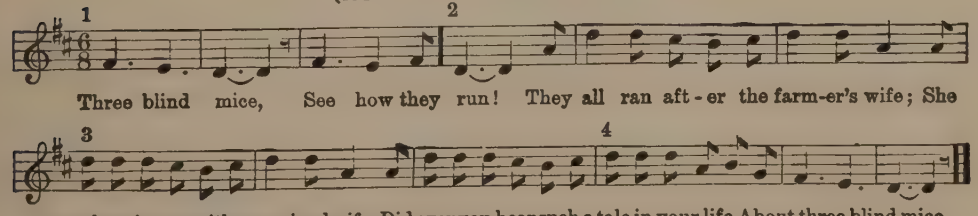
3 Oh! who will squeeze her snow-white hand (snow-white hand),
Oh! who will squeeze her snow-white hand (snow-white hand),
Oh! who will squeeze her snow-white hand,
When I am gone away?
Allie Bazan! Patsey Moran! Mary McCan! Kazecazan! Yucatan! Kalamazoo!

4 Oh! who will kiss her ruby lips (ruby lips),
Oh! who will kiss her ruby lips (ruby lips),
Oh! who will kiss her ruby lips,
When I am gone away?
Allie Bazan! Patsey Moran! Mary McCan! Kazecazan! Yucatan! Kalamazoo! Michigan! BAD MAN!!!

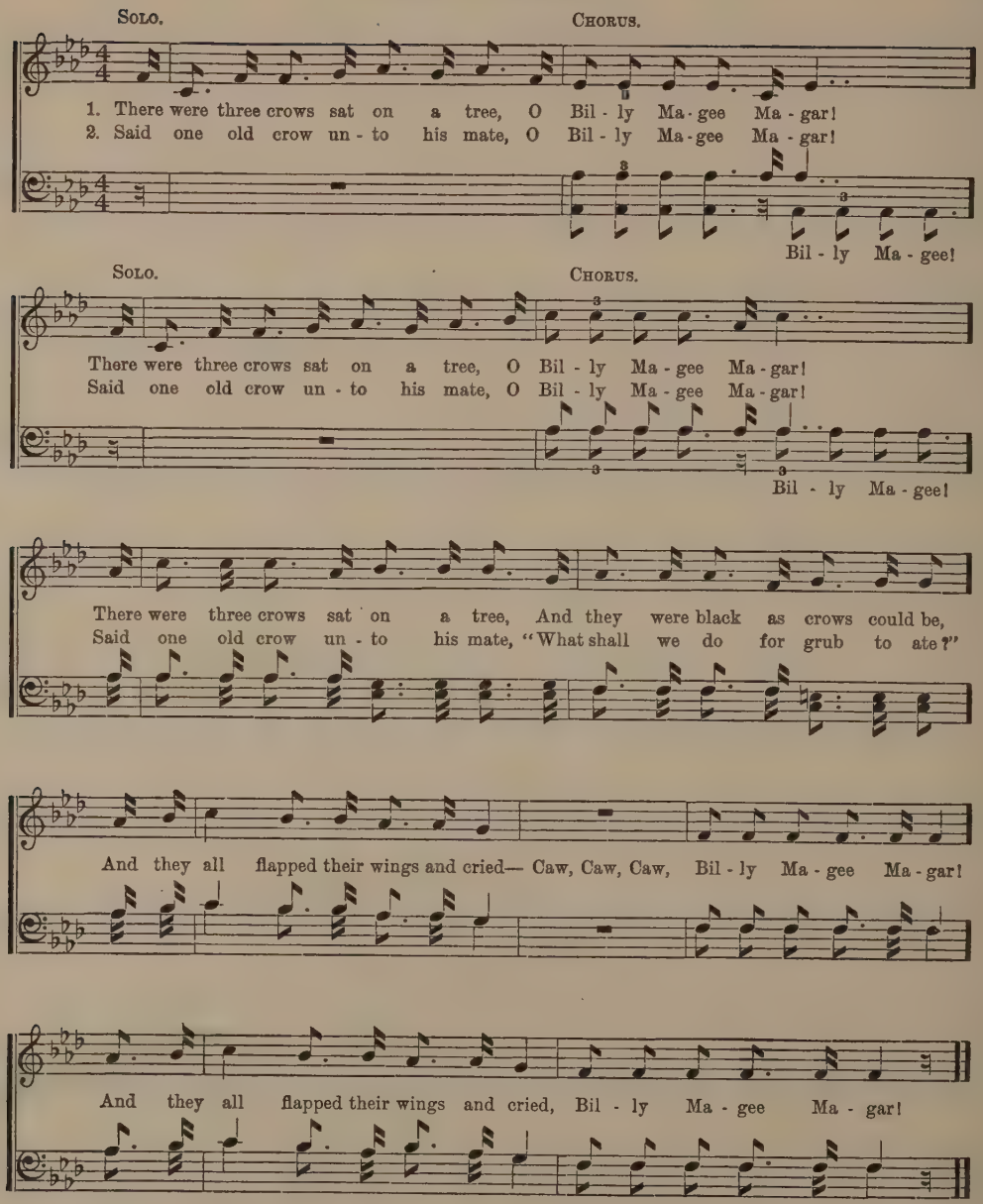
NA—87

THREE BLIND MICE.

(ROUND IN FOUR PARTS.)


1
2
Three blind mice, See how they run! They all ran aft-er the farm-er's wife; She
3
4
cut them in two with a carving knife; Did ever you hear such a tale in your life About three blind mice.

CROW SONG.


Solo.
Chorus.
1. There were three crows sat on a tree, O Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar!
2. Said one old crow un - to his mate, O Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar!
Bil - ly Ma - gee!
Solo.
Chorus.
There were three crows sat on a tree, O Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar!
Said one old crow un - to his mate, O Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar!
Bil - ly Ma - gee!
There were three crows sat on a tree, And they were black as crows could be,
Said one old crow un - to his mate, "What shall we do for grub to ate?"
And they all flapped their wings and cried— Caw, Caw, Caw, Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar!
And they all flapped their wings and cried, Bil - ly Ma - gee Ma - gar!

3 "There lies a horse on yonder plain,
Who's by some cruel butcher slain,"
And they all flapped their wings, etc.

4 "We'll perch ourselves on his backbone,
And pick his eyes out one by one,"
And they all flapped their wings, etc.

FUNICULI, FUNICULA.

Edward Oxenford. L. Denza.

Allegretto brilliante. (OR, A MERRY HEART.)

f SOLO.

1. Some think..... the world is made for fun and frol - ic,.....
2. Some think..... it wrong to set the feet a - danc - ing,.....
3. Ah, me!..... 'tis strange that some should take to sigh - ing,.....

f CHORUS.

..... And so do I!..... And so do I!.....
..... But not so I!..... But not so I!.....
..... And like it well!..... And like it well!.....

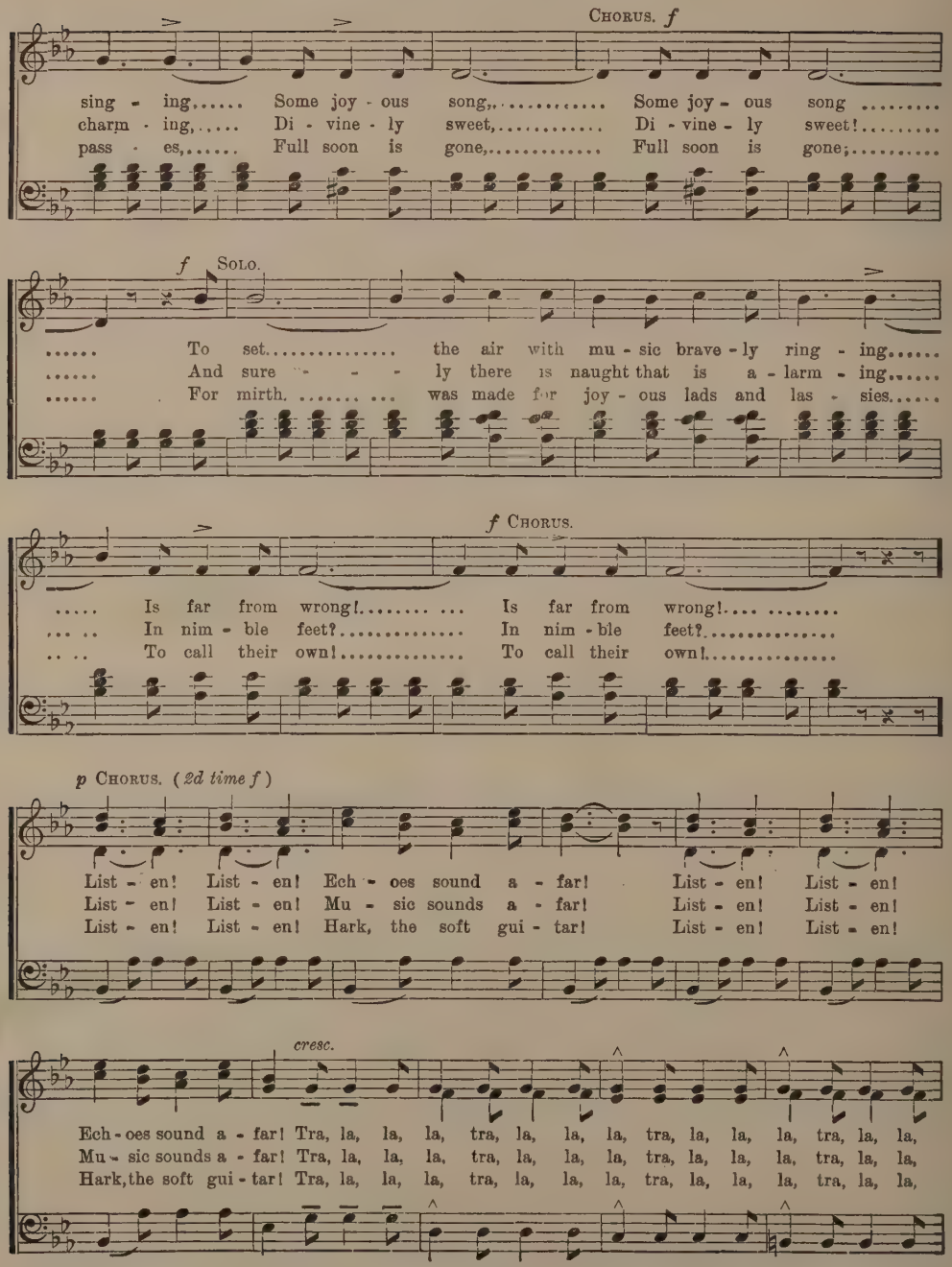
f SOLO.

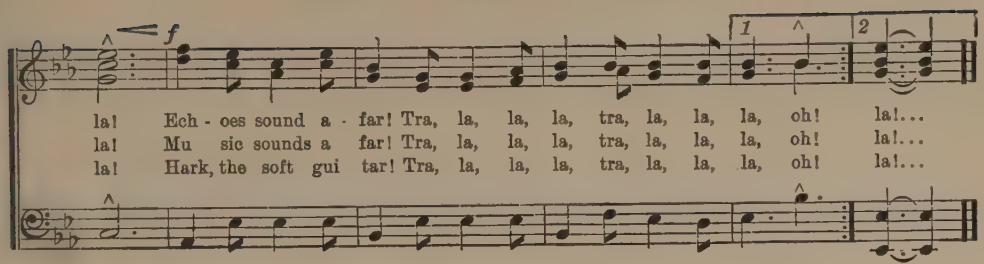
..... Some think..... it well to be all mel - an -
..... Some think..... that eyes should keep from coy - ly
..... For me,..... I have not thought it worth the

f CHORUS.

chol - ic,..... To pine and sigh,..... To pine and
glanc - ing..... Up - on the sly!..... Up - on the
try - ing,..... So can - not tell!..... So can - not

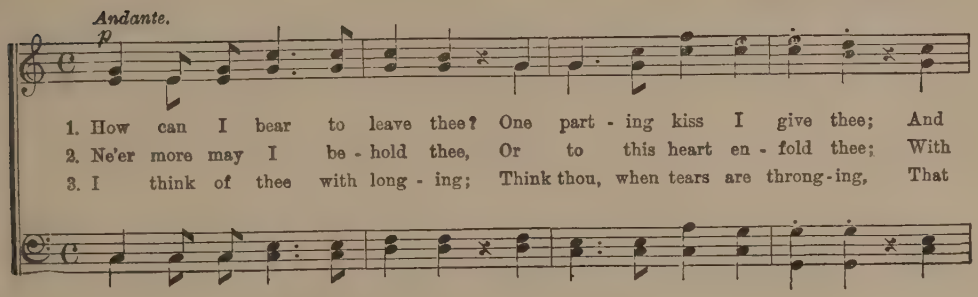
p SOLO.

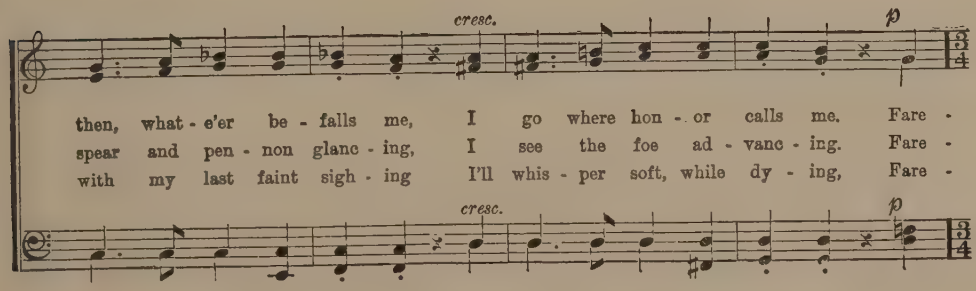
sigh;..... But I,..... I love to spend my time in
sly!..... But oh!..... to me the ma zy dance is
tell!..... With laugh..... and dance and song the day soon

Chorus. f
sing - ing..... Some joy - ous song,..... Some joy - ous song .....
charm - ing,..... Di - vine - ly sweet,..... Di - vine - ly sweet!.....
pass - es,..... Full soon is gone,..... Full soon is gone;.....
f Solo.
..... To set..... the air with mu - sic brave - ly ring - ing.....
..... And sure - - - ly there is naught that is a - larm - ing.....
..... For mirth. .... was made for joy - ous lads and las - sies.....
f Chorus.
..... Is far from wrong!..... ... Is far from wrong!.... .....
... .. In nim - ble feet?..... In nim - ble feet?.....
.. .. To call their own!..... To call their own!.....
p Chorus. (2d time f)
List - en! List - en! Ech - oes sound a - far! List - en! List - en!
List - en! List - en! Mu - sic sounds a - far! List - en! List - en!
List - en! List - en! Hark, the soft gui - tar! List - en! List - en!
cresc.
Ech - oes sound a - far! Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la,
Mu - sic sounds a - far! Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la,
Hark, the soft gui - tar! Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la,

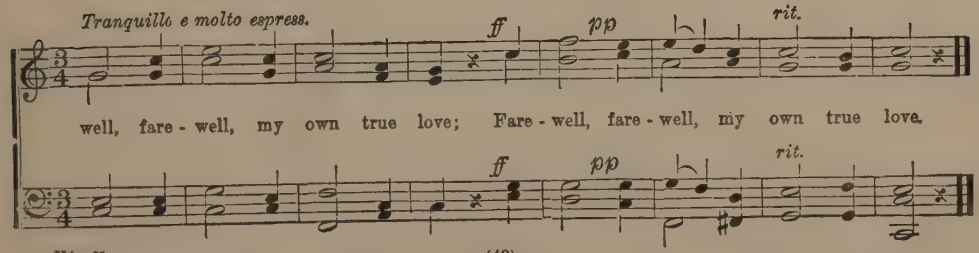

f
1
2
la! Ech - oes sound a - far! Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, oh! la!...
la! Mu sic sounds a far! Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, oh! la!...
la! Hark, the soft gui tar! Tra, la, la, la, tra, la, la, la, oh! la!...

SOLDIER'S FAREWELL.

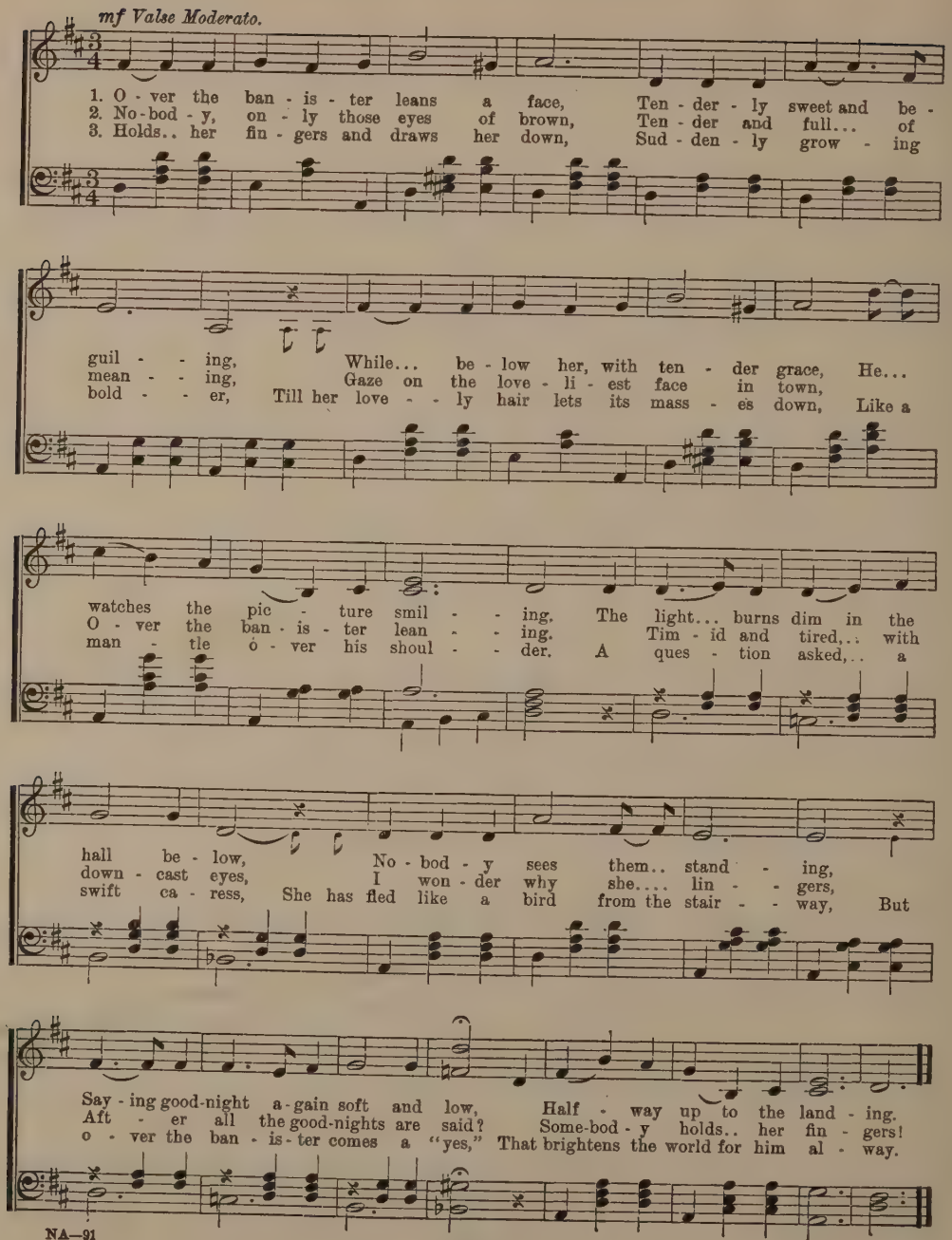
Johanna Kinkle.


Andante.
p
1. How can I bear to leave thee? One part - ing kiss I give thee; And
2. Ne'er more may I be - hold thee, Or to this heart en - fold thee; With
3. I think of thee with long - ing; Think thou, when tears are throng - ing, That


cresc.
p
then, what - e'er be - falls me, I go where hon - or calls me. Fare -
spear and pen - non glanc - ing, I see the foe ad - vanc - ing. Fare -
with my last faint sigh - ing I'll whis - per soft, while dy - ing, Fare -
cresc.
p



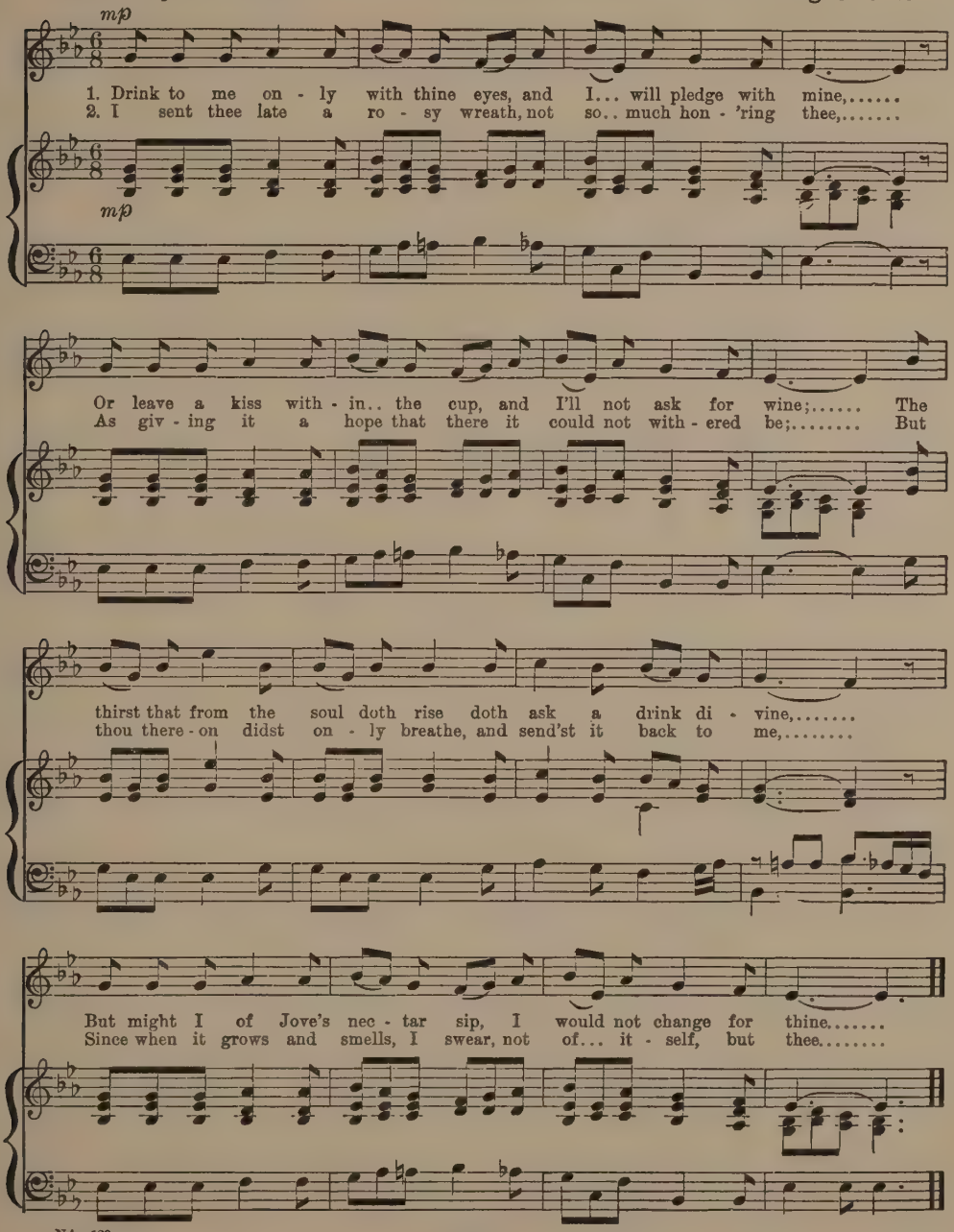
OVER THE BANISTER.


mf Valse Moderato.
1. O - ver the ban - is - ter leans a face, Ten - der - ly sweet and be -
2. No - bod - y, on - ly those eyes of brown, Ten - der and full... of
3. Holds.. her fin - gers and draws her down, Sud - den - ly grow - ing
guil - - ing, While... be - low her, with ten - der grace, He...
mean - - ing, Gaze on the love - li - est face in town,
bold - - er, Till her love - - ly hair lets its mass - es down, Like a
watches the pic - ture smil - - ing. The light... burns dim in the
O - ver the ban - is - ter lean - - ing. Tim - id and tired,.. with
man - tle o - ver his shoul - - der. A ques - tion asked,.. a
hall be - low, No - bod - y sees them.. stand - ing,
down - cast eyes, I won - der why she.... lin - - gers,
swift ca - ress, She has fled like a bird from the stair - - way, But
Say - ing good-night a - gain soft and low, Half - way up to the land - ing.
Aft - er all the good-nights are said? Some-bod - y holds.. her fin - gers!
o - ver the ban - is - ter comes a "yes," That brightens the world for him al - way.

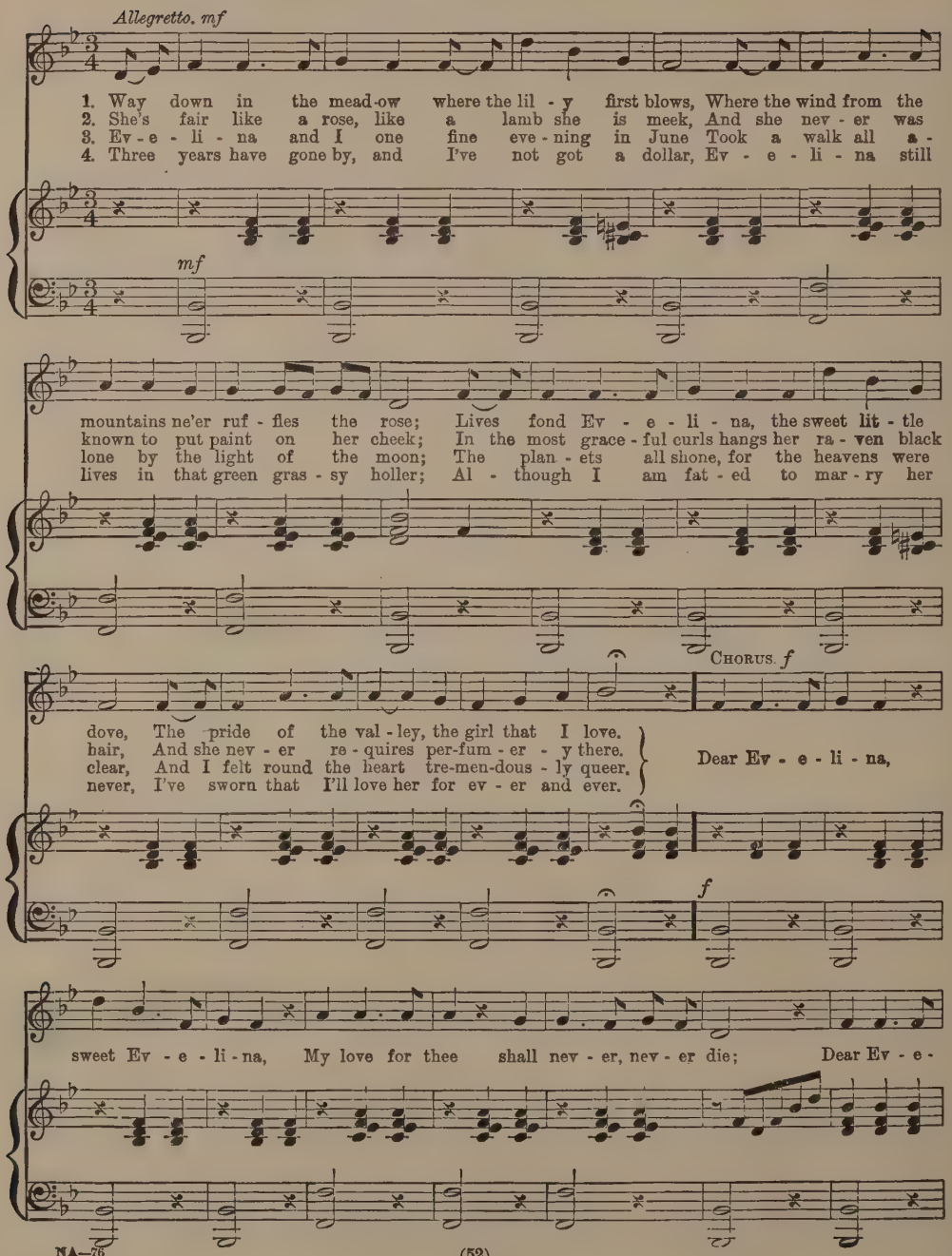
NA—91

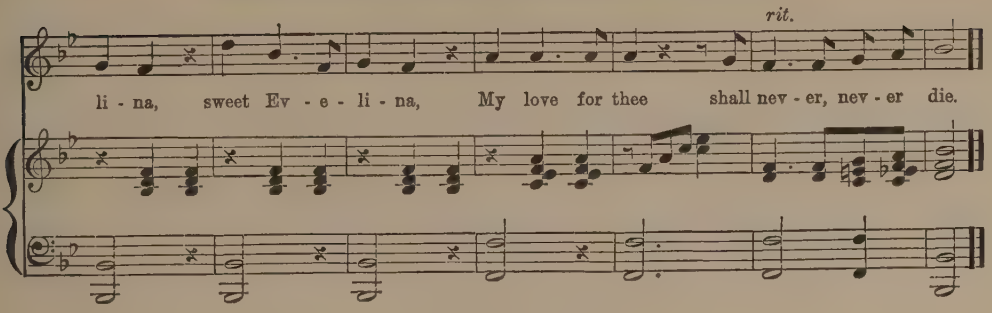
DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

Words by Ben Jonson. **Old English Air.**

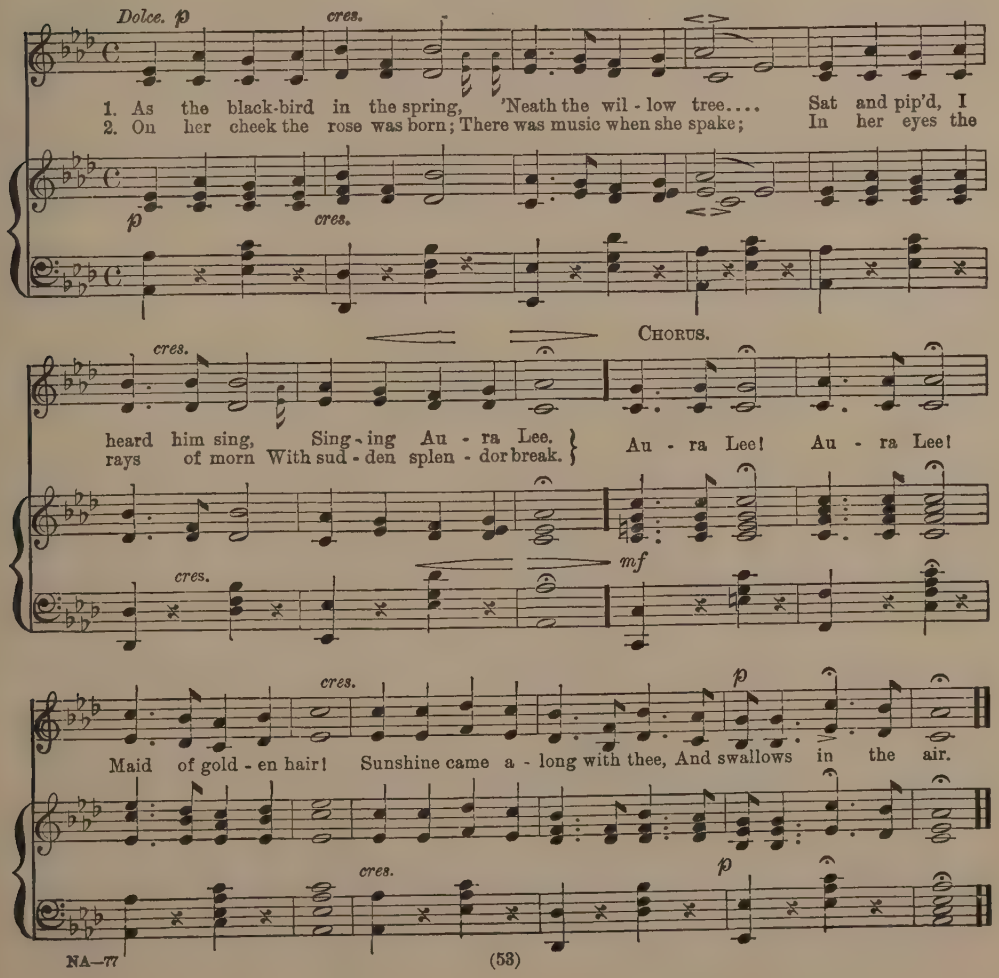

mp
1. Drink to me on - ly with thine eyes, and I... will pledge with mine,.....
2. I sent thee late a ro - sy wreath, not so.. much hon - 'ring thee,.....
mp
Or leave a kiss with - in.. the cup, and I'll not ask for wine;..... The
As giv - ing it a hope that there it could not with - ered be;..... But
thirst that from the soul doth rise doth ask a drink di - vine,.....
thou there - on didst on - ly breathe, and send'st it back to me,.....
But might I of Jove's nec - tar sip, I would not change for thine.....
Since when it grows and smells, I swear, not of... it - self, but thee.....

DEAR EVELINA, SWEET EVELINA.


Allegretto. mf
1. Way down in the mead-ow where the lil - y first blows, Where the wind from the
2. She's fair like a rose, like a lamb she is meek, And she nev - er was
3. Ev - e - li - na and I one fine eve - ning in June Took a walk all a -
4. Three years have gone by, and I've not got a dollar, Ev - e - li - na still
mf
mountains ne'er ruf - fles the rose; Lives fond Ev - e - li - na, the sweet lit - tle
known to put paint on her cheek; In the most grace - ful curls hangs her ra - ven black
lone by the light of the moon; The plan - ets all shone, for the heavens were
lives in that green gras - sy holler; Al - though I am fat - ed to mar - ry her
Chorus. f
dove, The pride of the val - ley, the girl that I love.
hair, And she nev - er re - quires per-fum - er - y there.
clear, And I felt round the heart tre-men-dous - ly queer.
never, I've sworn that I'll love her for ev - er and ever.
Dear Ev - e - li - na,
f
sweet Ev - e - li - na, My love for thee shall nev - er, nev - er die; Dear Ev - e -


rit.
li - na, sweet Ev - e - li - na, My love for thee shall nev - er, nev - er die.

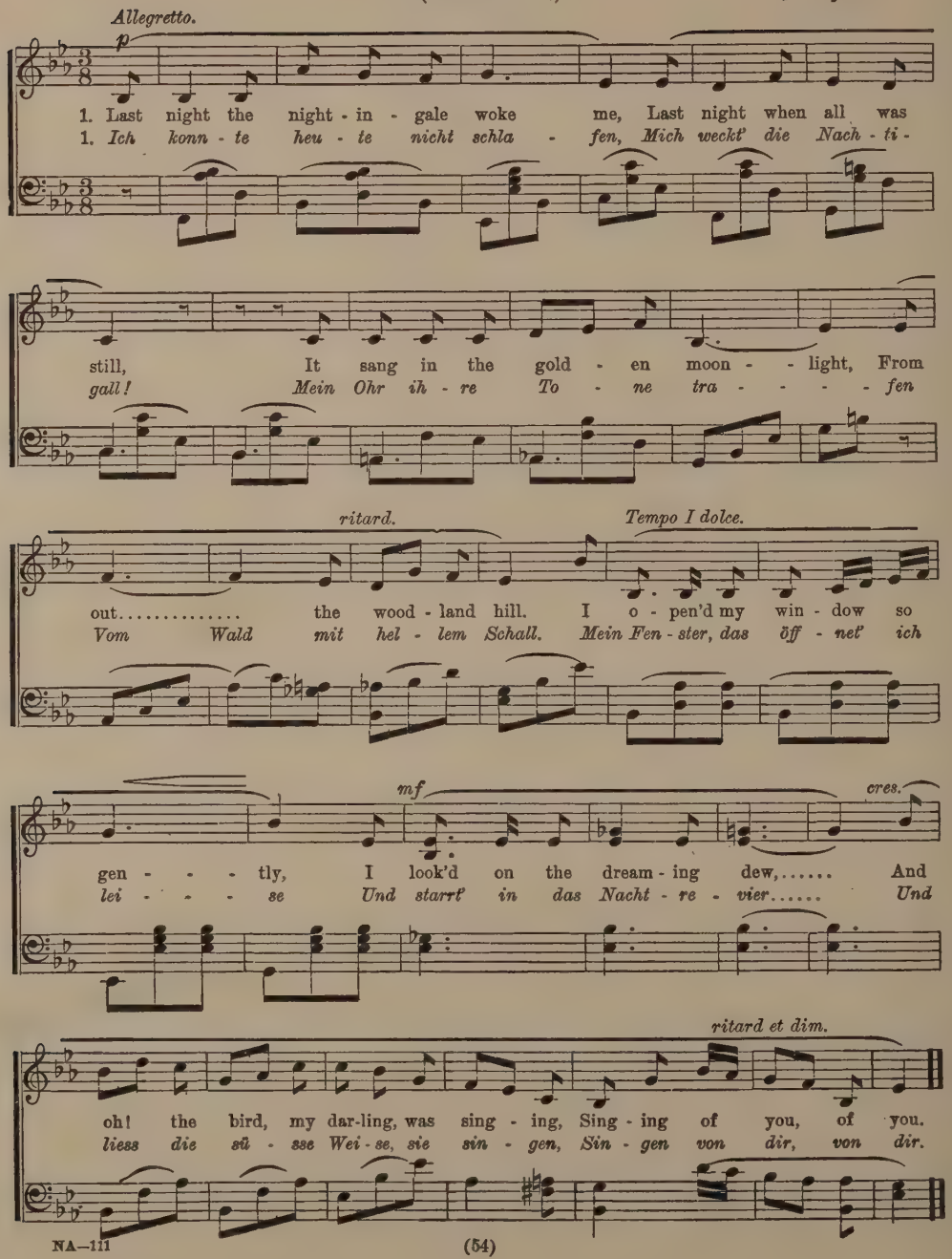
AURA LEE.


Dolce. p
cres.
1. As the black-bird in the spring, 'Neath the wil - low tree.... Sat and pip'd, I
2. On her cheek the rose was born; There was music when she spake; In her eyes the
p
cres.
CHORUS.
cres.
heard him sing, Sing - ing Au - ra Lee.
rays of morn With sud - den splen - dor break.
Au - ra Lee! Au - ra Lee!
cres.
mf
cres.
p
Maid of gold - en hair! Sunshine came a - long with thee, And swallows in the air.
cres.
p

LAST NIGHT.

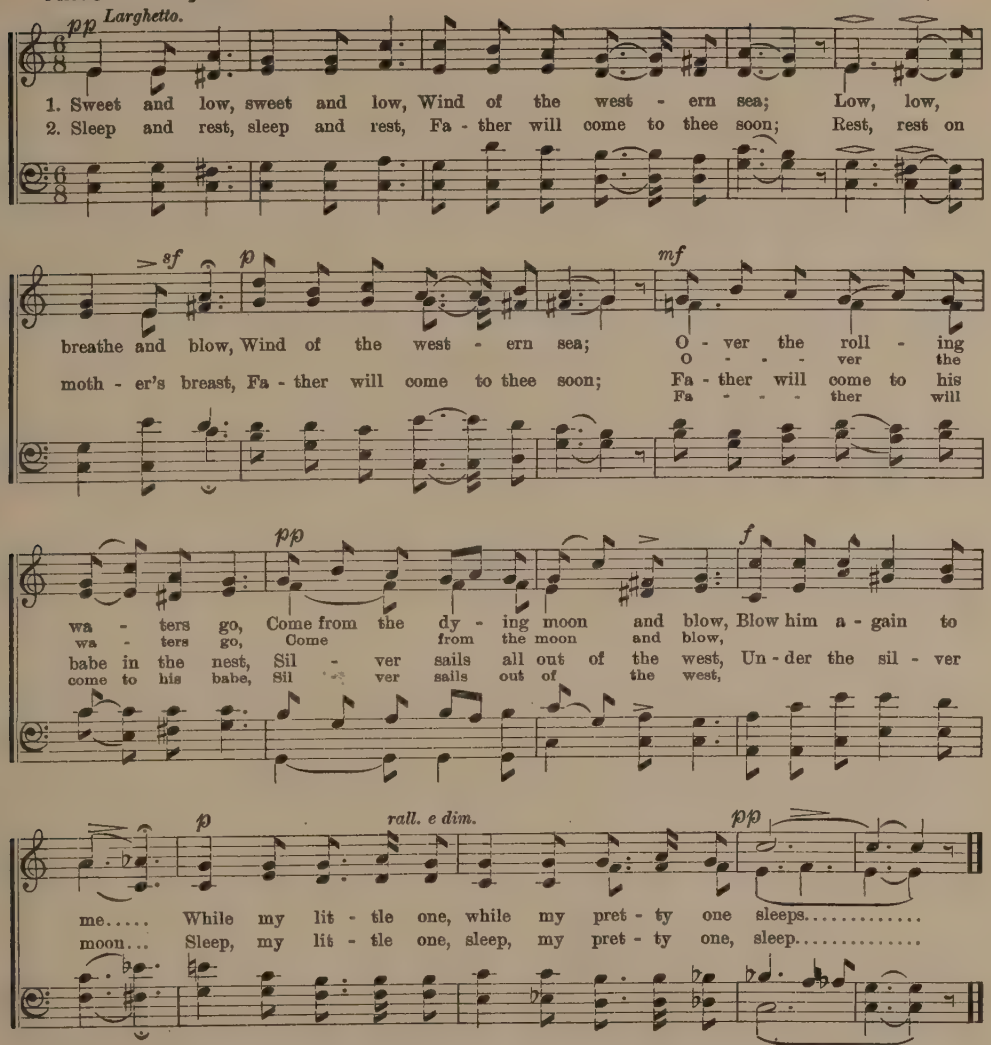
(SEHNSUCHT.)

H. Kjerulf.


Allegretto.
p
1. Last night the night - in - gale woke me, Last night when all was
1. Ich konn - te heu - te nicht schla - fen, Mich weckt' die Nach - ti -
still, It sang in the gold - en moon - - light, From
gall! Mein Ohr ih - re To - ne tra - - - - fen
ritard.
Tempo I dolce.
out..... the wood - land hill. I o - pen'd my win - dow so
Vom Wald mit hel - lem Schall. Mein Fen - ster, das öff - net' ich
mf
cres.
gen - - - tly, I look'd on the dream - ing dew,..... And
lei - - - se Und starrt' in das Nacht - re - vier..... Und
ritard et dim.
oh! the bird, my dar-ling, was sing - ing, Sing - ing of you, of you.
liess die sü - sse Wei - se, sie sin - gen, Sin - gen von dir, von dir.

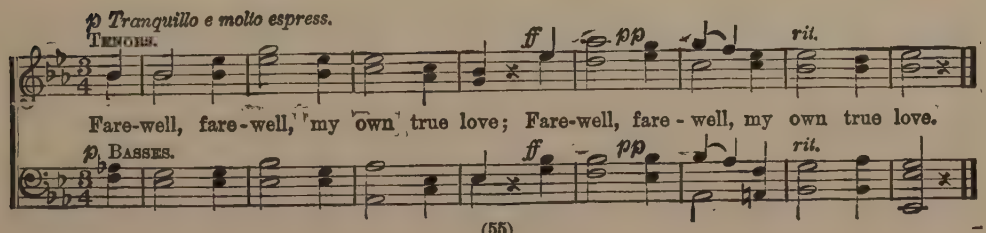
SWEET AND LOW.

Alfred Tennyson. J. Barnby.


pp Larghetto.
1. Sweet and low, sweet and low, Wind of the west - ern sea; Low, low,
2. Sleep and rest, sleep and rest, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Rest, rest on
sf p mf
breathe and blow, Wind of the west - ern sea; O - ver the roll - ing
moth - er's breast, Fa - ther will come to thee soon; Fa - ther will come to his
O - - - ver the
Fa - - - ther will
pp f
wa - ters go, Come from the dy - ing moon and blow, Blow him a - gain to
babe in the nest, Sil - ver sails all out of the west, Un - der the sil - ver
wa - ters go, Come from the moon and blow,
come to his babe, Sil - ver sails out of the west,
p rall. e dim. pp
me..... While my lit - tle one, while my pret - ty one sleeps.....
moon... Sleep, my lit - tle one, sleep, my pret - ty one, sleep.....

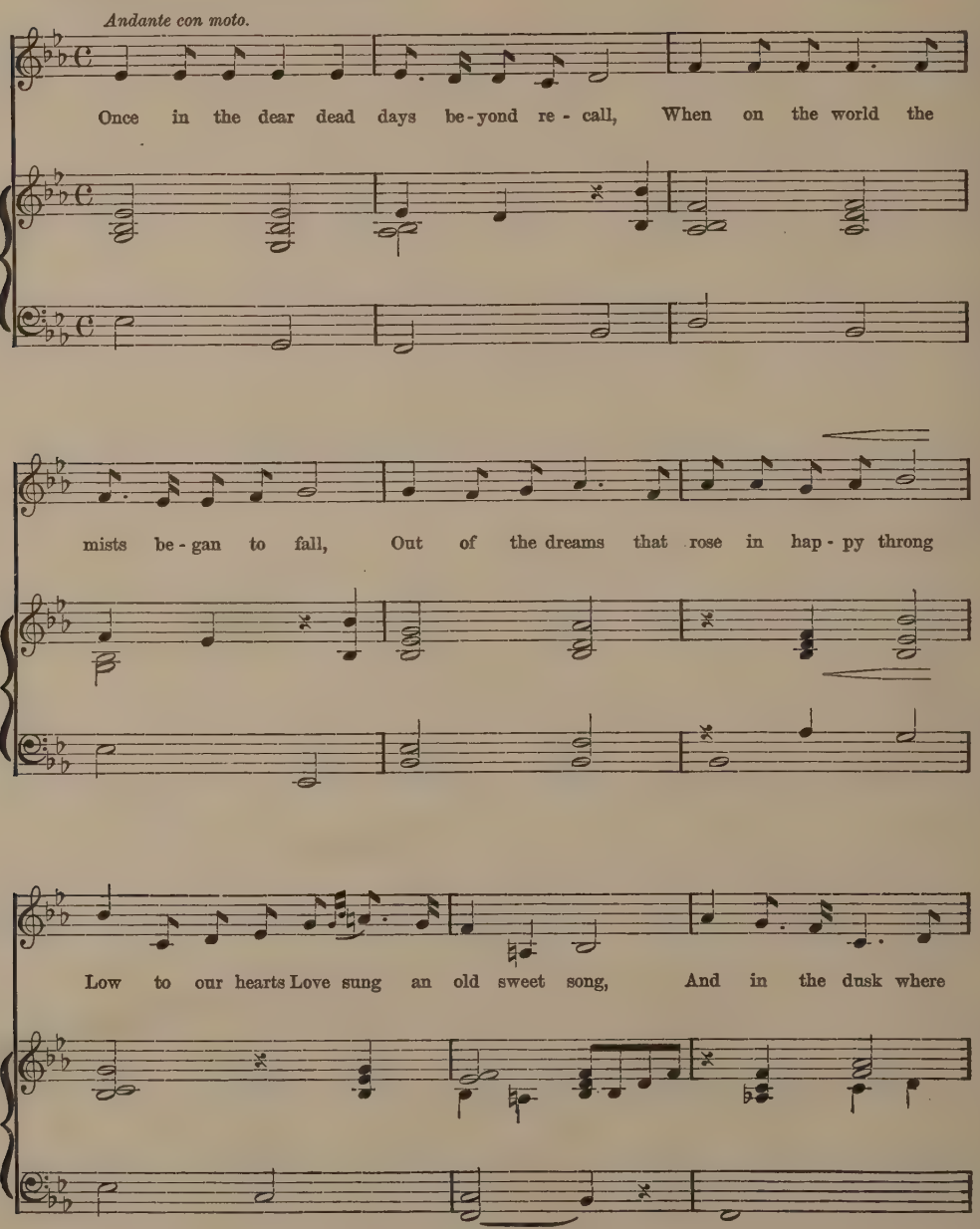
NA—35.

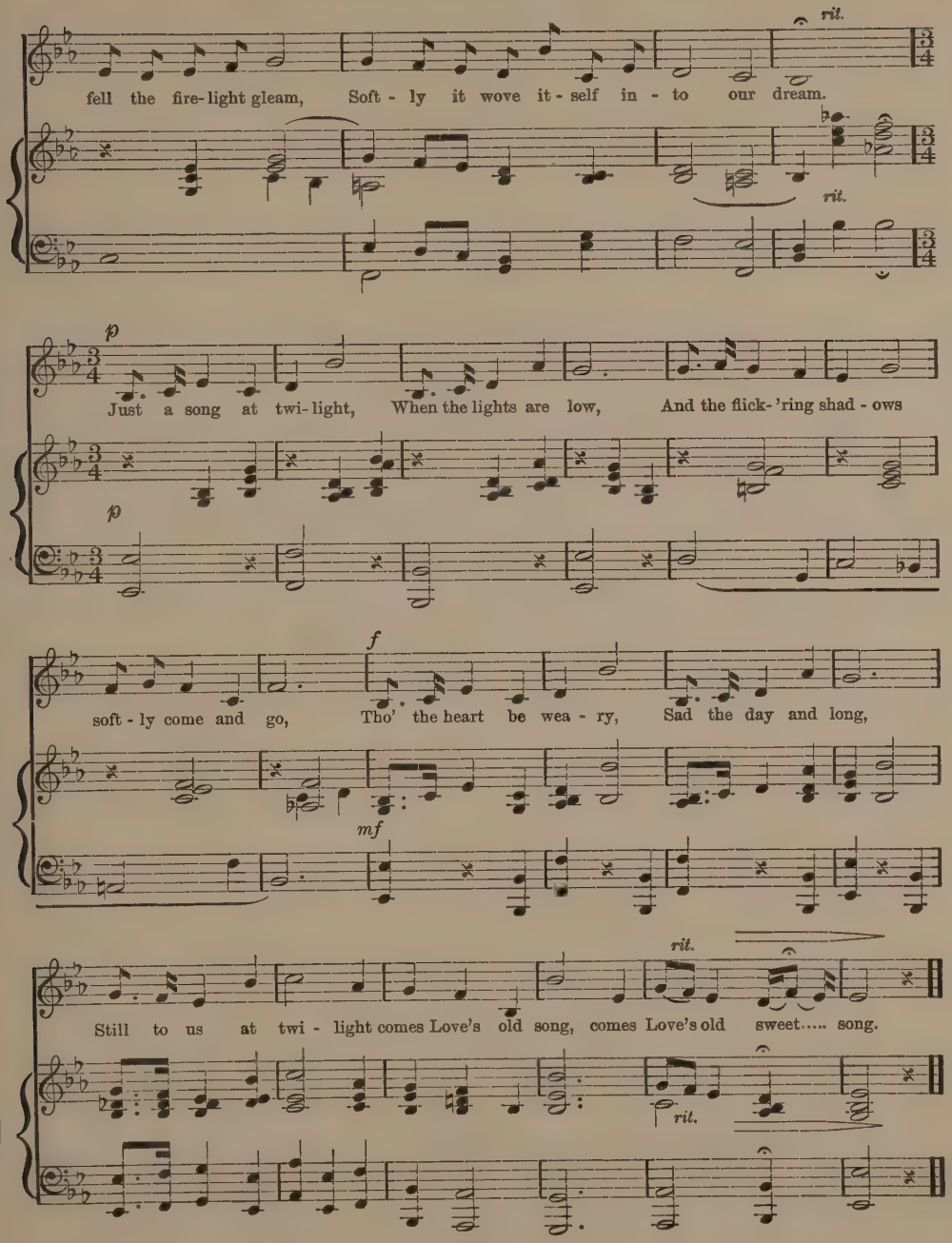
FAREWELL, MY OWN TRUE LOVE.


p Tranquillo e molto espress.
Tenors.
ff pp rit.
Fare-well, fare-well, my own true love; Fare-well, fare - well, my own true love.
p Basses.
ff pp rit.

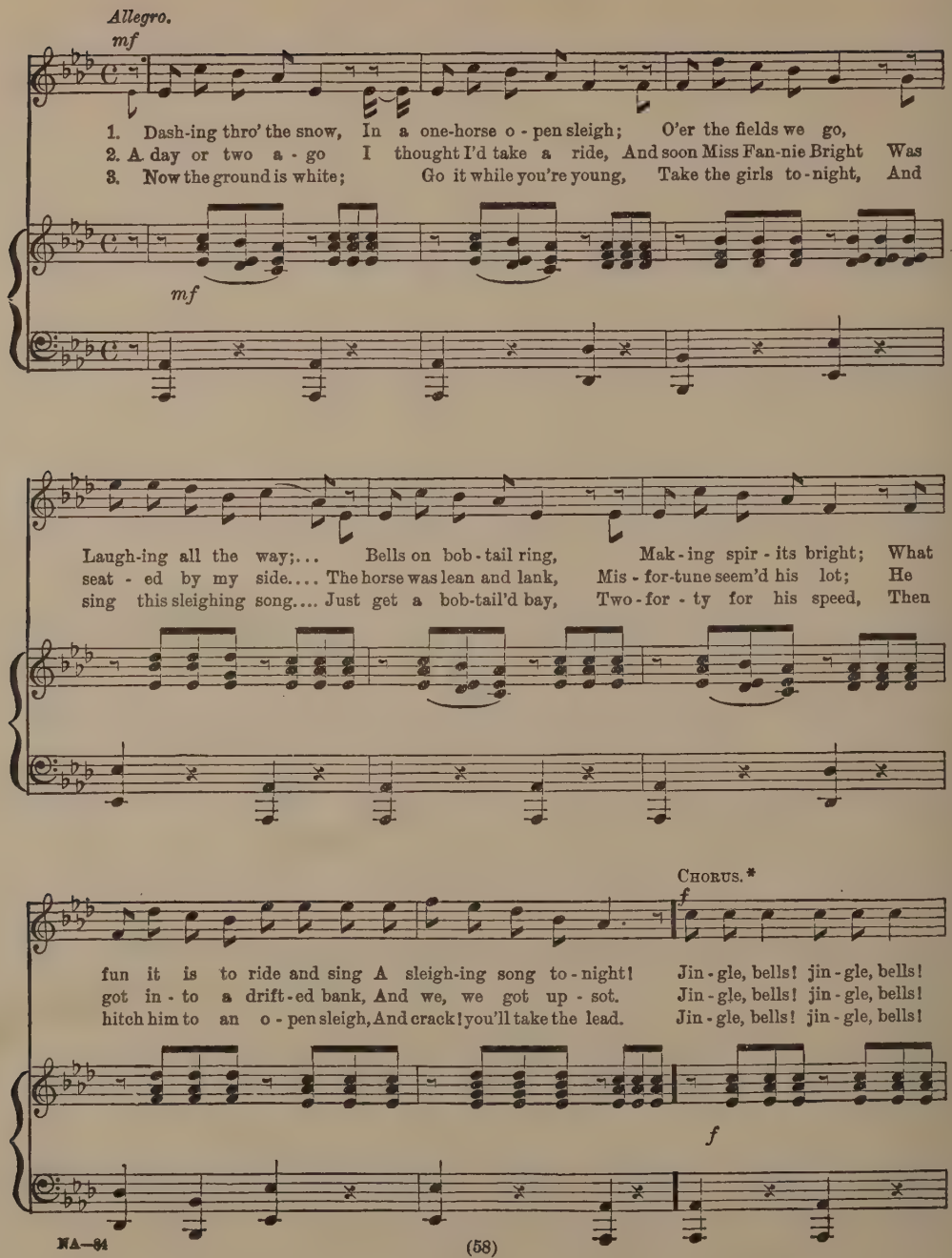
LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG.

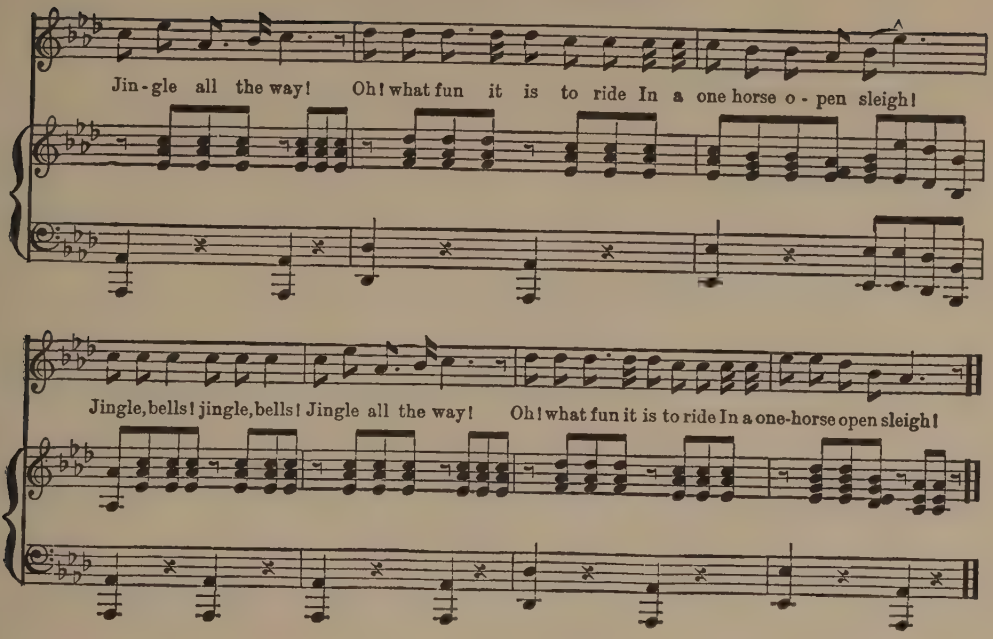
Words by G. Clifton Bingham. J. L. Molloy.


Andante con moto.
Once in the dear dead days be-yond re-call, When on the world the
mists be-gan to fall, Out of the dreams that rose in hap-py throng
Low to our hearts Love sung an old sweet song, And in the dusk where


rit.
fell the fire-light gleam, Soft - ly it wove it - self in - to our dream.
rit.
p
Just a song at twi-light, When the lights are low, And the flick-'ring shad - ows
p
f
soft - ly come and go, Tho' the heart be wea - ry, Sad the day and long,
mf
rit.
Still to us at twi - light comes Love's old song, comes Love's old sweet..... song.
rit.

JINGLE, BELLS.


Allegro.
mf
1. Dash-ing thro' the snow, In a one-horse o - pen sleigh; O'er the fields we go,
2. A day or two a - go I thought I'd take a ride, And soon Miss Fan-nie Bright Was
3. Now the ground is white; Go it while you're young, Take the girls to-night, And
mf
Laugh-ing all the way;... Bells on bob-tail ring, Mak-ing spir - its bright; What
seat - ed by my side.... The horse was lean and lank, Mis - for-tune seem'd his lot; He
sing this sleighing song.... Just get a bob-tail'd bay, Two-for - ty for his speed, Then
Chorus.*
f
fun it is to ride and sing A sleigh-ing song to-night! Jin - gle, bells! jin - gle, bells!
got in - to a drift - ed bank, And we, we got up - sot. Jin - gle, bells! jin - gle, bells!
hitch him to an o - pen sleigh, And crack! you'll take the lead. Jin - gle, bells! jin - gle, bells!
f

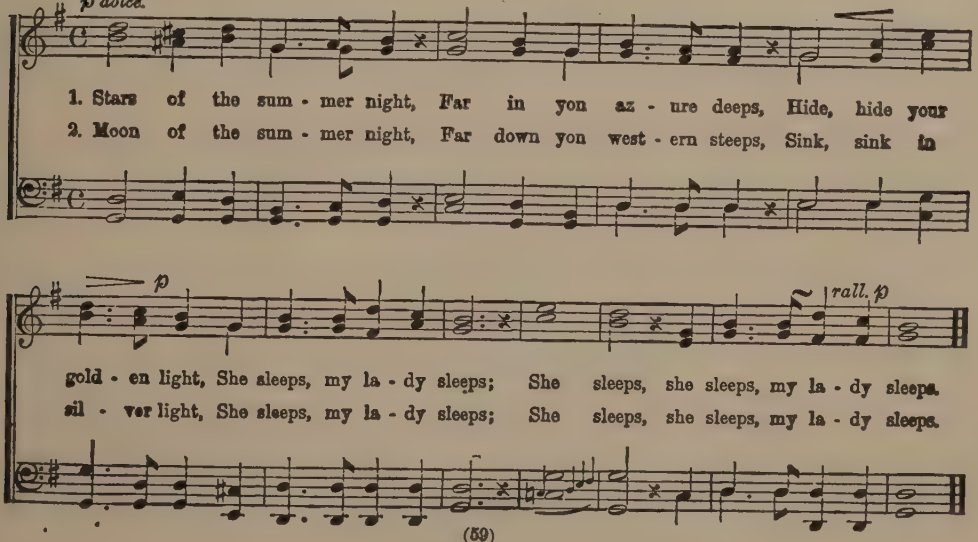

Jin - gle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one horse o - pen sleigh!
Jingle, bells! jingle, bells! Jingle all the way! Oh! what fun it is to ride In a one-horse open sleigh!

STARS OF THE SUMMER NIGHT.

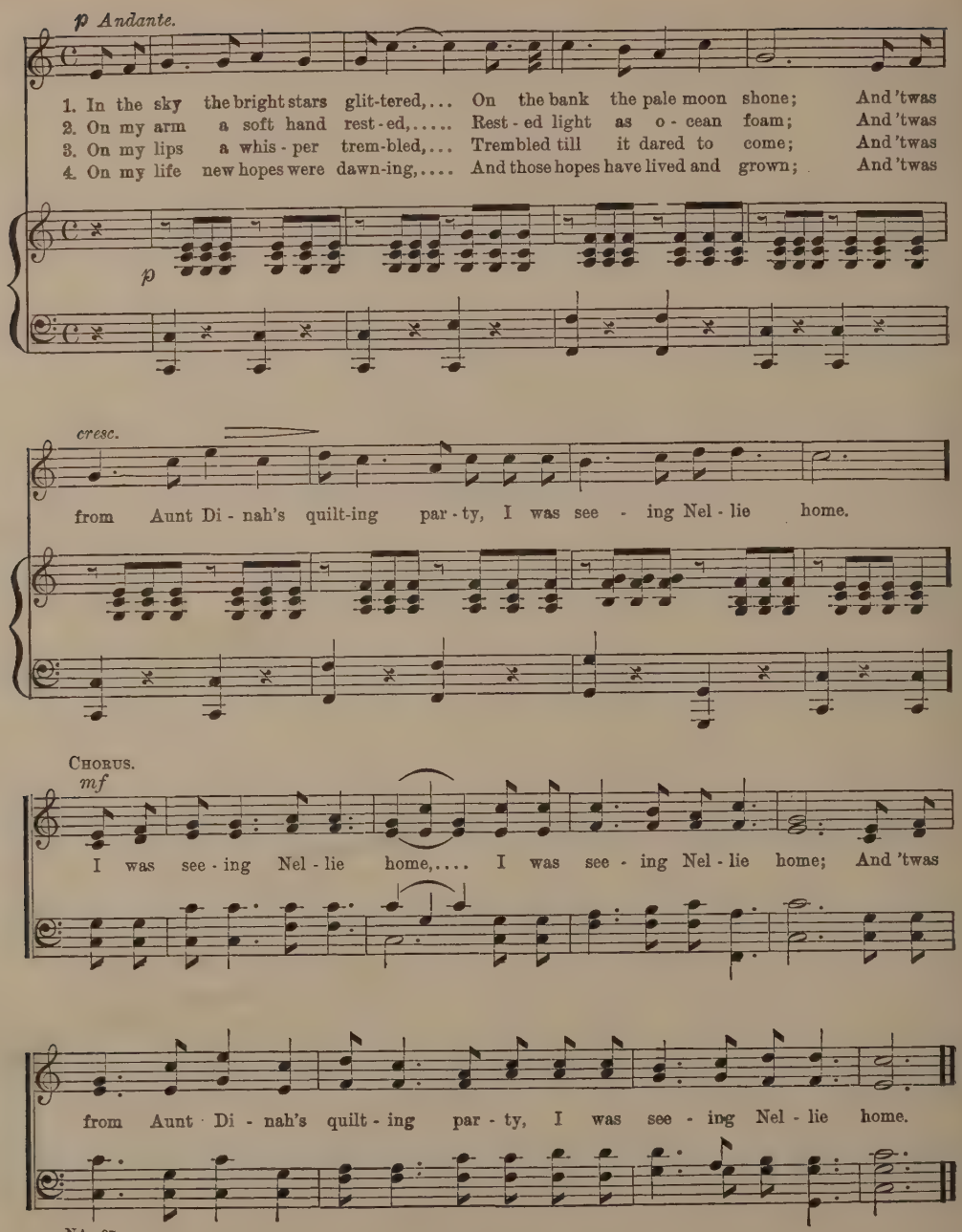
(Longfellow.) (SERENADE.)

Andante espress.

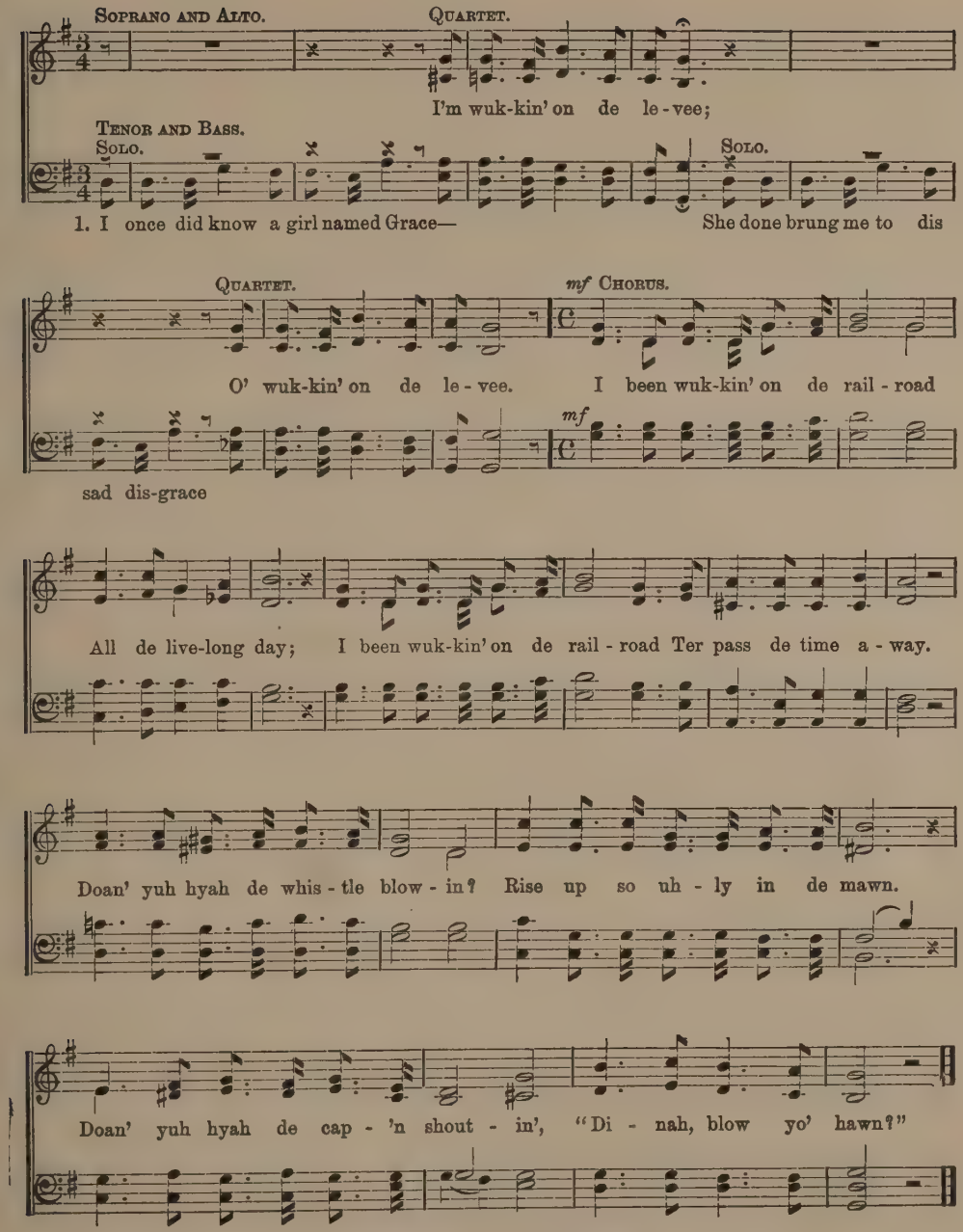
p dolce.


1. Stars of the sum - mer night, Far in yon az - ure deeps, Hide, hide your
2. Moon of the sum - mer night, Far down yon west - ern steeps, Sink, sink in
p
rall. p
gold - en light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.
sil - ver light, She sleeps, my la - dy sleeps; She sleeps, she sleeps, my la - dy sleeps.

THE QUILTING PARTY.


p Andante.
1. In the sky the bright stars glit-tered,... On the bank the pale moon shone; And 'twas
2. On my arm a soft hand rest-ed,..... Rest-ed light as o-cean foam; And 'twas
3. On my lips a whis-per trem-bled,... Trembled till it dared to come; And 'twas
4. On my life new hopes were dawn-ing,.... And those hopes have lived and grown; And 'twas
p
cresc.
from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing par-ty, I was see-ing Nel-lie home.
Chorus.
mf
I was see-ing Nel-lie home,.... I was see-ing Nel-lie home; And 'twas
from Aunt Di-nah's quilt-ing par-ty, I was see-ing Nel-lie home.

LEVEE SONG.


Soprano and Alto.
Quartet.
I'm wuk-kin' on de le-vee;
Tenor and Bass.
Solo.
Solo.
1. I once did know a girl named Grace—
She done brung me to dis
Quartet.
mf Chorus.
O' wuk-kin' on de le-vee.
I been wuk-kin' on de rail-road
mf
sad dis-grace
All de live-long day;
I been wuk-kin' on de rail-road Ter pass de time a-way.
Doan' yuh hyah de whis-tle blow-in?
Rise up so uh-ly in de mawn.
Doan' yuh hyah de cap-'n shout-in',
"Di-nah, blow yo' hawn?"

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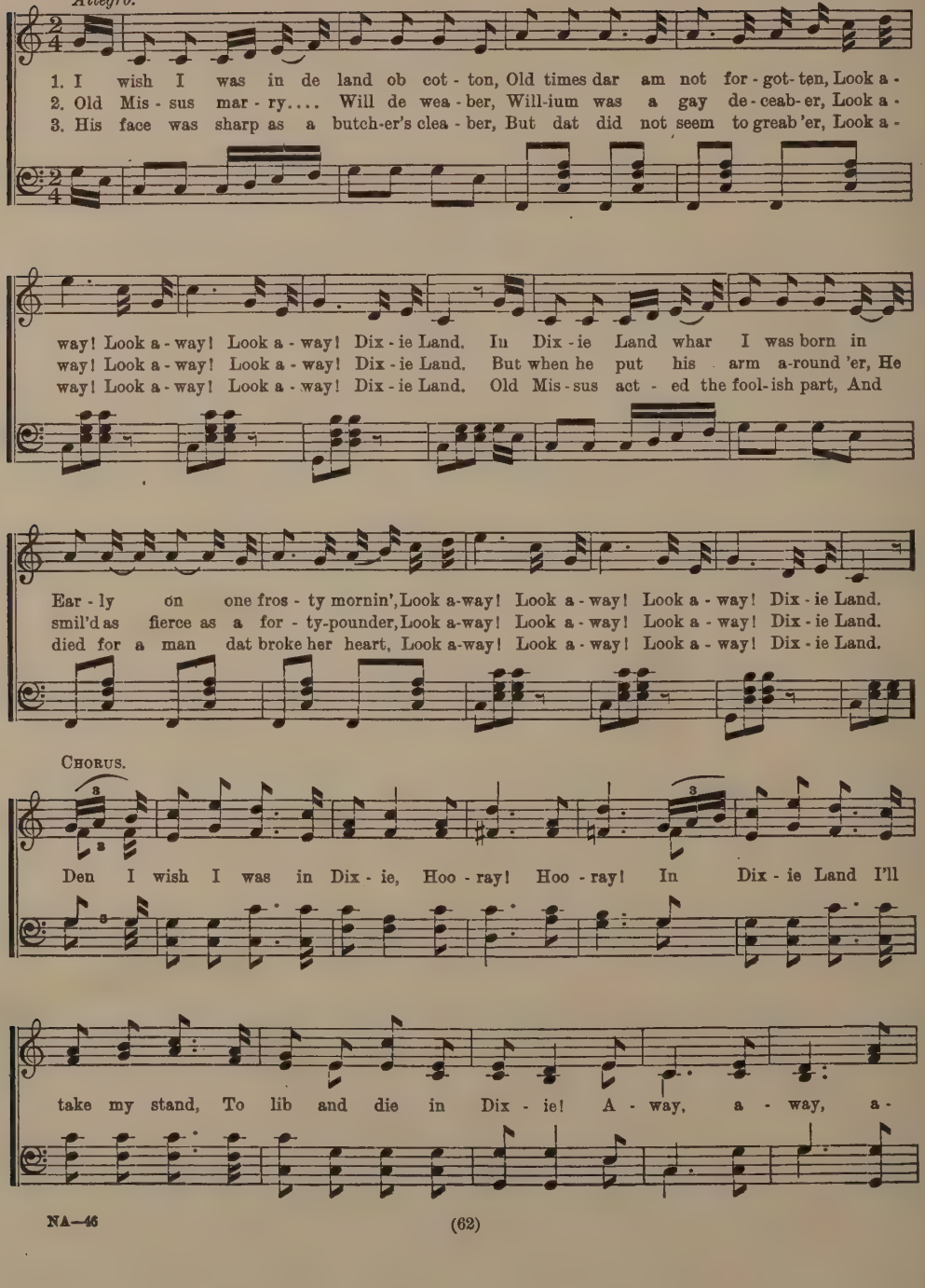
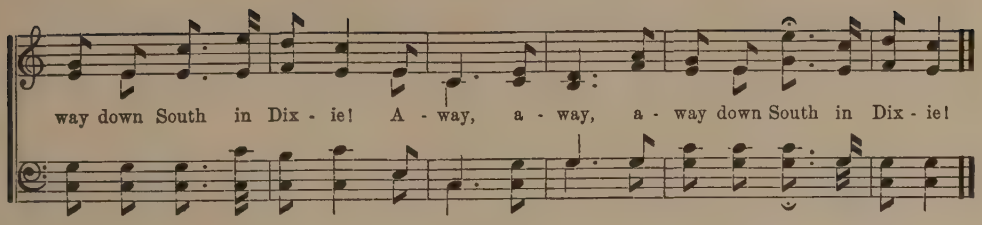
DIXIE'S LAND.

Dan. Emmet.

Allegro.


1. I wish I was in de land ob cot - ton, Old times dar am not for - got - ten, Look a -
2. Old Mis - sus mar - ry.... Will de wea - ber, Will-ium was a gay de - ceab - er, Look a -
3. His face was sharp as a butch-er's clea - ber, But dat did not seem to greab 'er, Look a -
way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. In Dix - ie Land whar I was born in
way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. But when he put his arm a-round 'er, He
way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land. Old Mis - sus act - ed the fool-ish part, And
Ear - ly on one fros - ty mornin', Look a-way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.
smil'd as fierce as a for - ty-pounder, Look a-way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.
died for a man dat broke her heart, Look a-way! Look a - way! Look a - way! Dix - ie Land.
Chorus.
Den I wish I was in Dix - ie, Hoo - ray! Hoo - ray! In Dix - ie Land I'll
take my stand, To lib and die in Dix - ie! A - way, a - way, a -

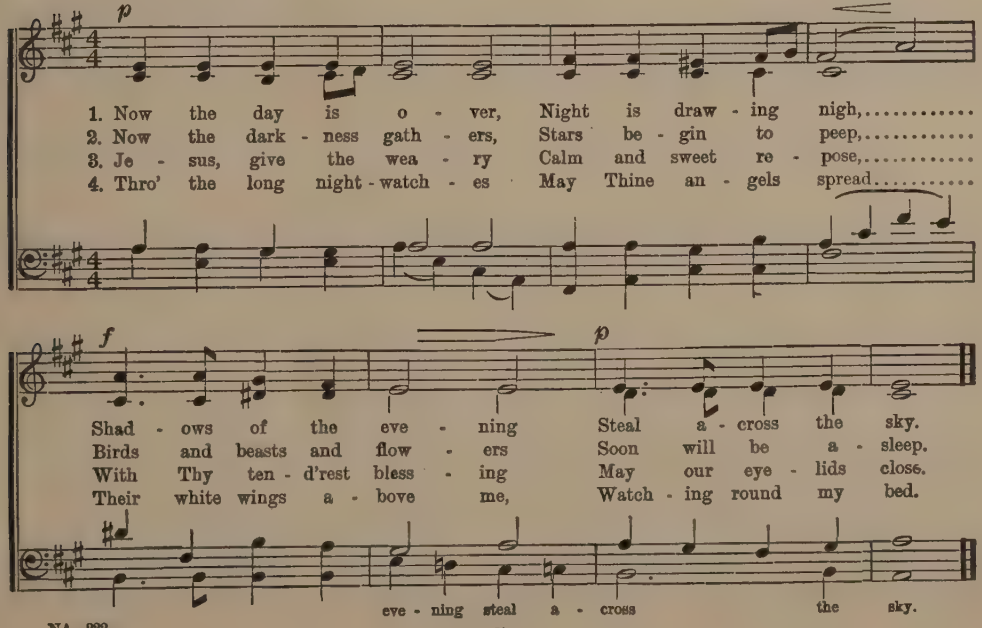


4 Now here's a health to the next old Missus,
And all de gals dat want to kiss us,
Look away! etc.,
But if you want to drive 'way sorrow,
Come and hear dis song to-morrow,
Look away! etc.

5 Dar's buckwheat cakes an' Ingen batter
Makes you fat or a little fatter,
Look away! etc.,
Den hoe it down an' scratch your grabble,
To Dixie's land I'm bound to trabble,
Look away! etc.

NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

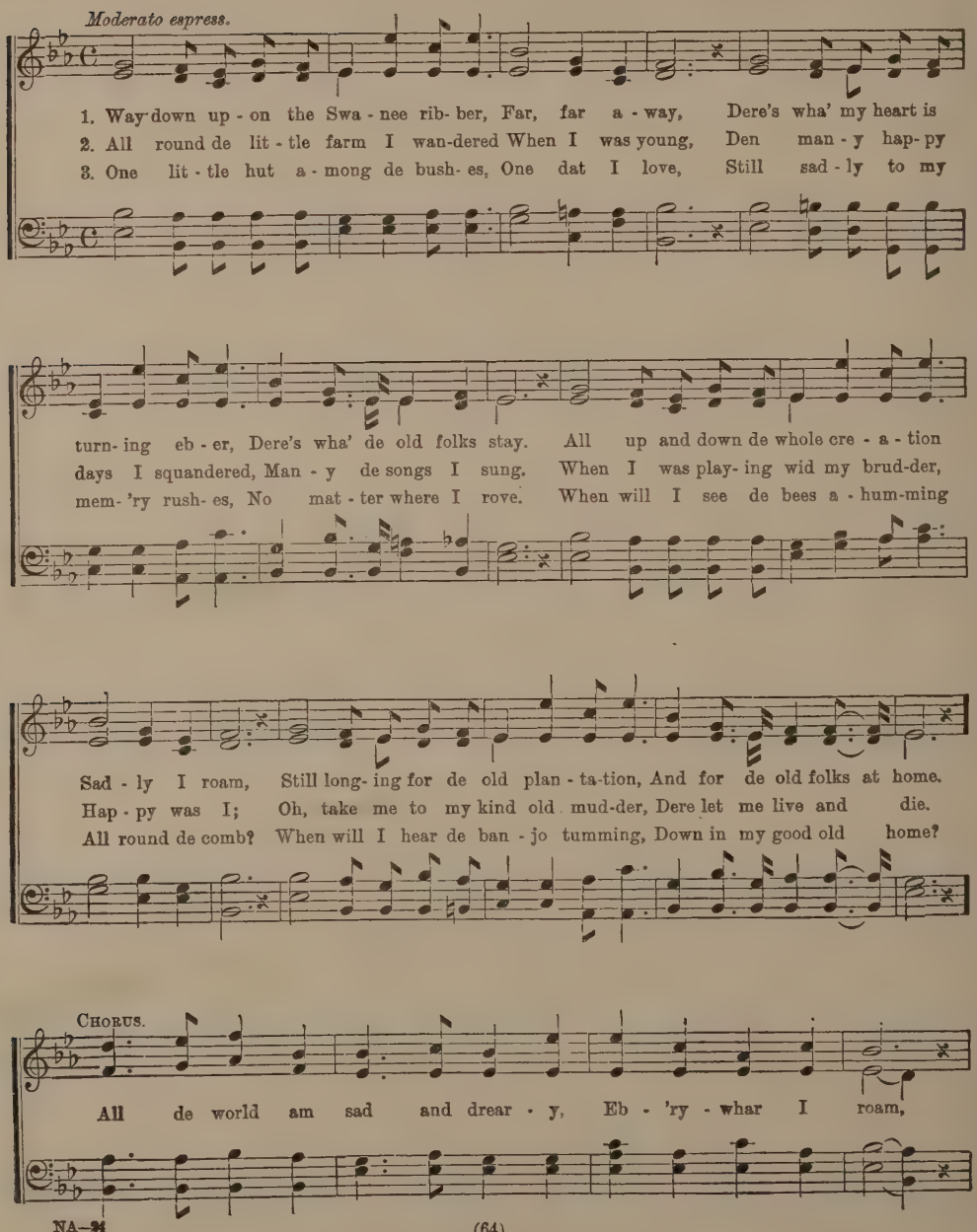
Sabine Baring-Gould. J. Barnby.

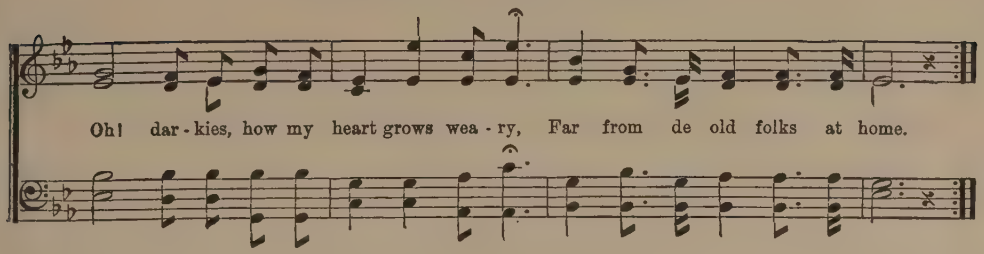

p
1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw - ing nigh,.....
2. Now the dark - ness gath - ers, Stars be - gin to peep,.....
3. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose,.....
4. Thro' the long night - watch - es May Thine an - gels spread.....
f
p
Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
Birds and beasts and flow - ers Soon will be a - sleep.
With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Their white wings a - bove me, Watch - ing round my bed.
eve - ning steal a - cross the sky.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

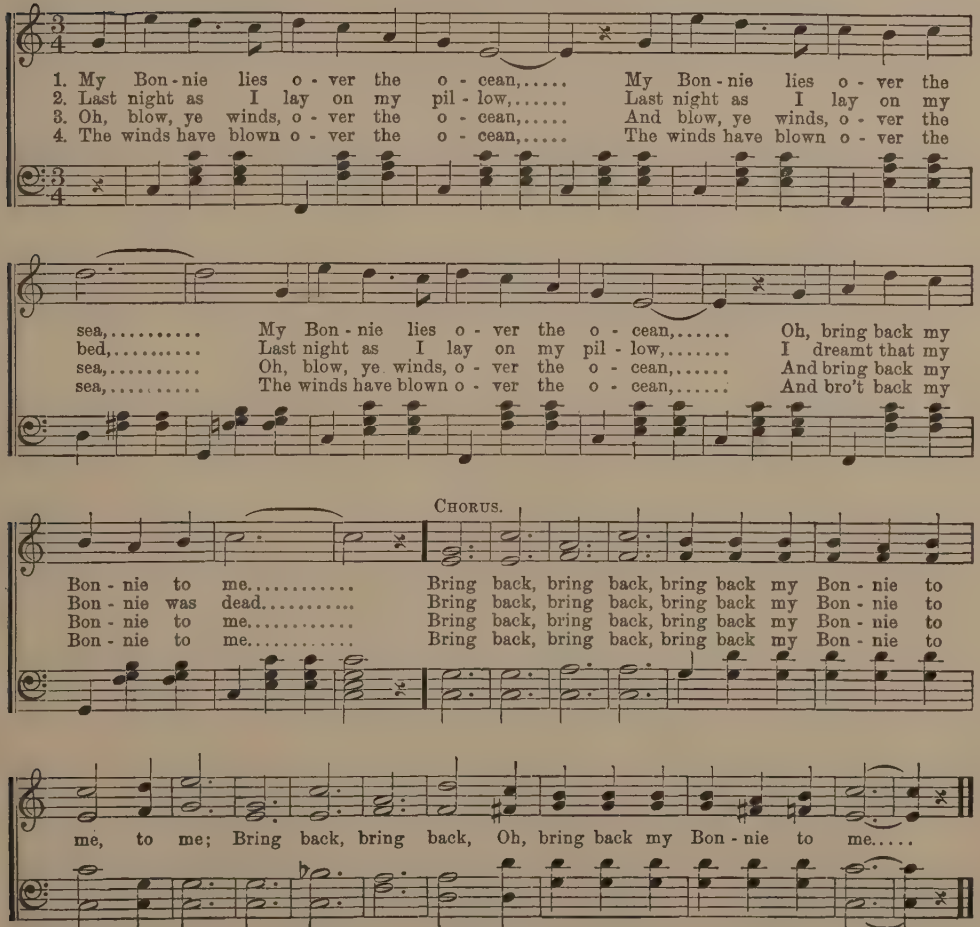
(WAY DOWN UPON DE SWANEE RIVER.)

Stephen C. Foster.


Moderato espress.
1. Way down up - on the Swa - nee rib- ber, Far, far a - way, Dere's wha' my heart is
2. All round de lit - tle farm I wan-dered When I was young, Den man - y hap- py
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong de bush- es, One dat I love, Still sad - ly to my
turn- ing eb - er, Dere's wha' de old folks stay. All up and down de whole cre - a - tion
days I squandered, Man - y de songs I sung. When I was play- ing wid my brud-der,
mem- 'ry rush- es, No mat - ter where I rove. When will I see de bees a - hum-ming
Sad - ly I roam, Still long- ing for de old plan - ta-tion, And for de old folks at home.
Hap - py was I; Oh, take me to my kind old mud-der, Dere let me live and die.
All round de comb? When will I hear de ban - jo tumming, Down in my good old home?
Chorus.
All de world am sad and drear - y, Eb - 'ry - whar I roam,

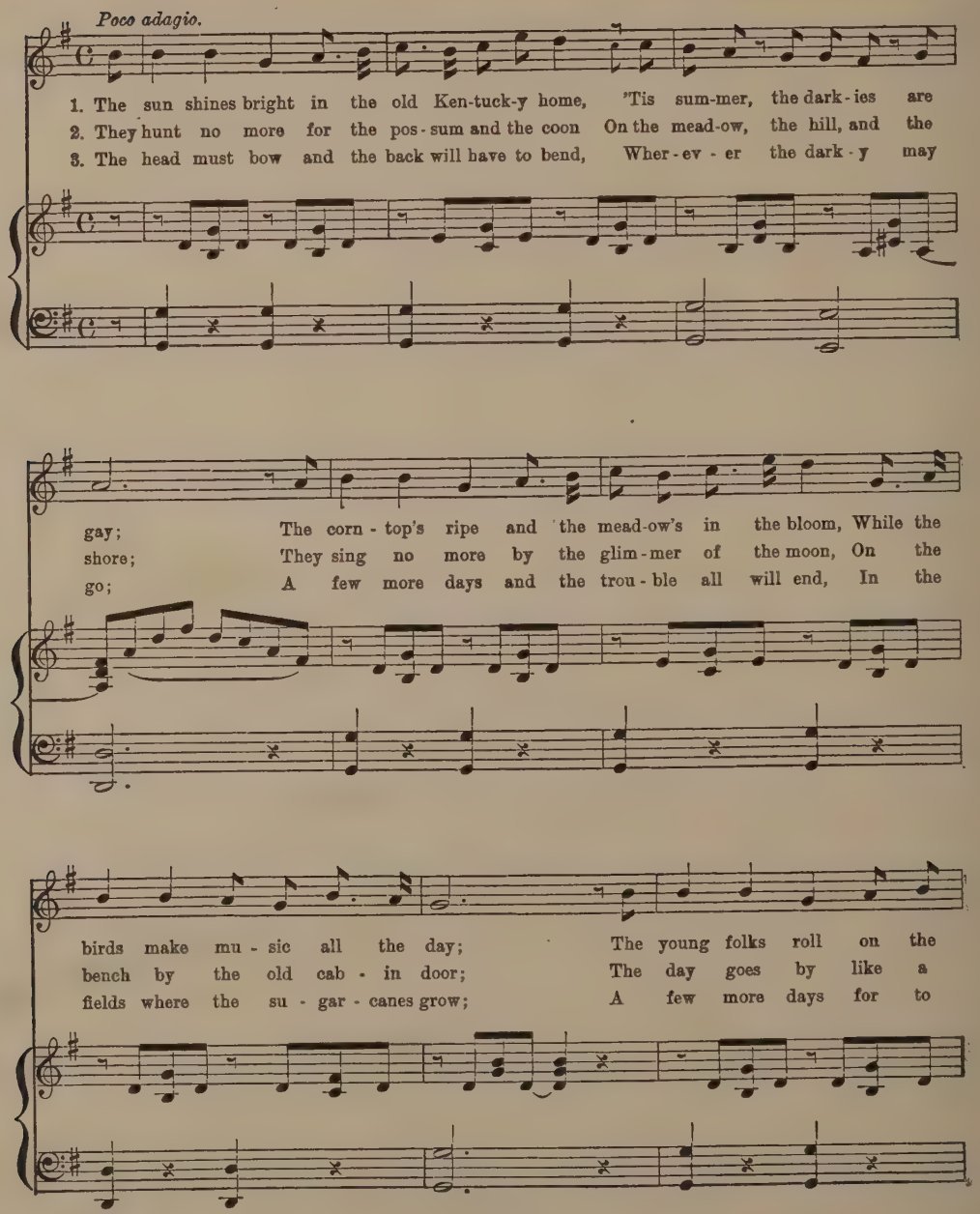

Oh! dar-kies, how my heart grows wea-ry, Far from de old folks at home.

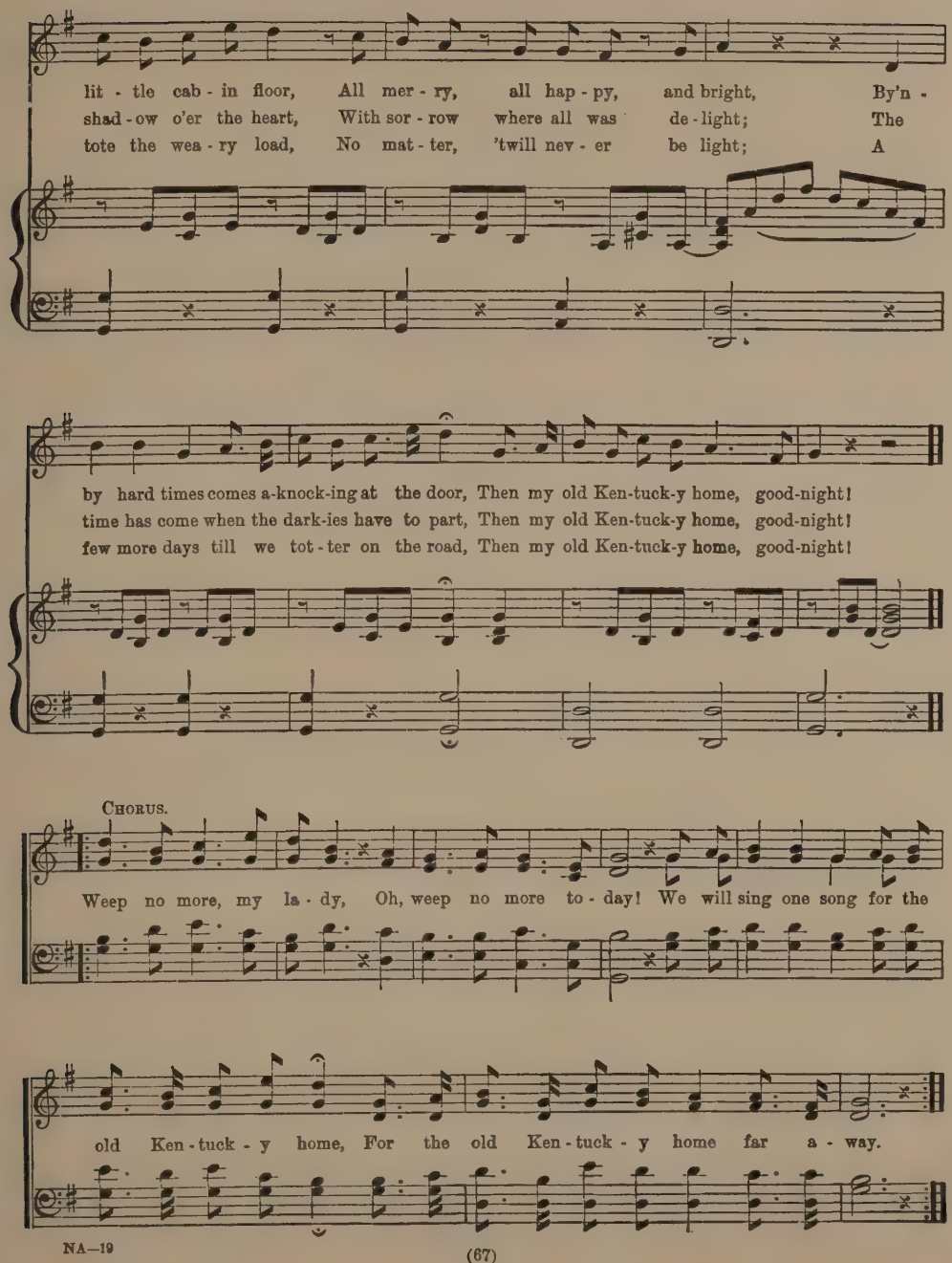
MY BONNIE.


1. My Bon-nie lies o-ver the o-cean,..... My Bon-nie lies o-ver the
2. Last night as I lay on my pil-low,..... Last night as I lay on my
3. Oh, blow, ye winds, o-ver the o-cean,..... And blow, ye winds, o-ver the
4. The winds have blown o-ver the o-cean,..... The winds have blown o-ver the
sea,..... My Bon-nie lies o-ver the o-cean,..... Oh, bring back my
bed,..... Last night as I lay on my pil-low,..... I dreamt that my
sea,..... Oh, blow, ye winds, o-ver the o-cean,..... And bring back my
sea,..... The winds have blown o-ver the o-cean,..... And bro't back my
Chorus.
Bon-nie to me..... Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon-nie to
Bon-nie was dead..... Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon-nie to
Bon-nie to me..... Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon-nie to
Bon-nie to me..... Bring back, bring back, bring back my Bon-nie to
me, to me; Bring back, bring back, Oh, bring back my Bon-nie to me.....

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME, GOOD NIGHT.

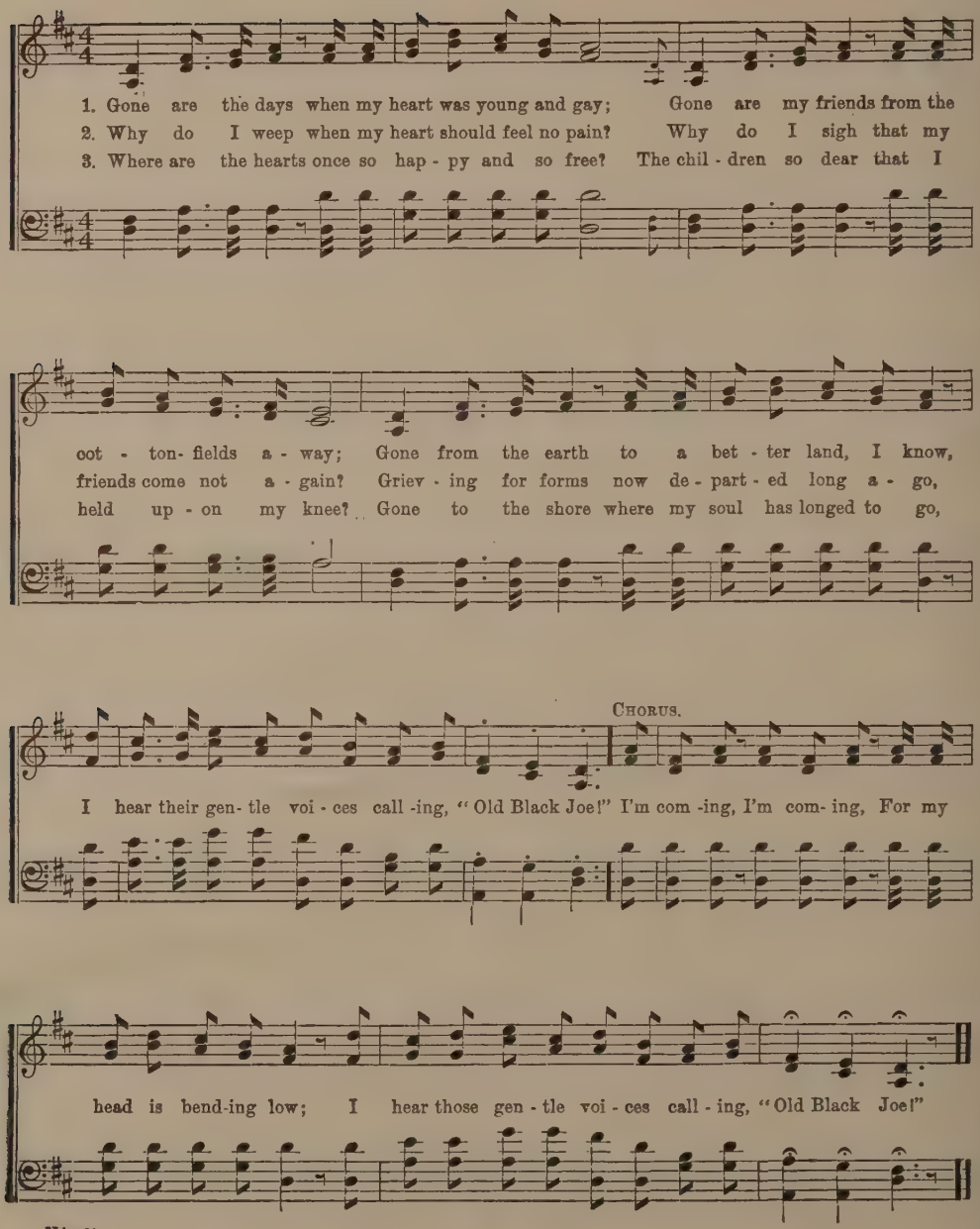
Stephen C. Foster.


Poco adagio.
1. The sun shines bright in the old Ken-tuck-y home, 'Tis sum-mer, the dark-ies are
2. They hunt no more for the pos-sum and the coon On the mead-ow, the hill, and the
3. The head must bow and the back will have to bend, Wher-ev-er the dark-y may
gay; The corn-top's ripe and the mead-ow's in the bloom, While the
shore; They sing no more by the glim-mer of the moon, On the
go; A few more days and the trou-ble all will end, In the
birds make mu-sic all the day; The young folks roll on the
bench by the old cab-in door; The day goes by like a
fields where the su-gar-canes grow; A few more days for to


lit - tle cab - in floor, All mer - ry, all hap - py, and bright, By'n -
shad - ow o'er the heart, With sor - row where all was de - light; The
tote the wea - ry load, No mat - ter, 'twill nev - er be light; A
by hard times comes a-knock-ing at the door, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!
time has come when the dark-ies have to part, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!
few more days till we tot - ter on the road, Then my old Ken-tuck-y home, good-night!
Chorus.
Weep no more, my la - dy, Oh, weep no more to - day! We will sing one song for the
old Ken - tuck - y home, For the old Ken - tuck - y home far a - way.

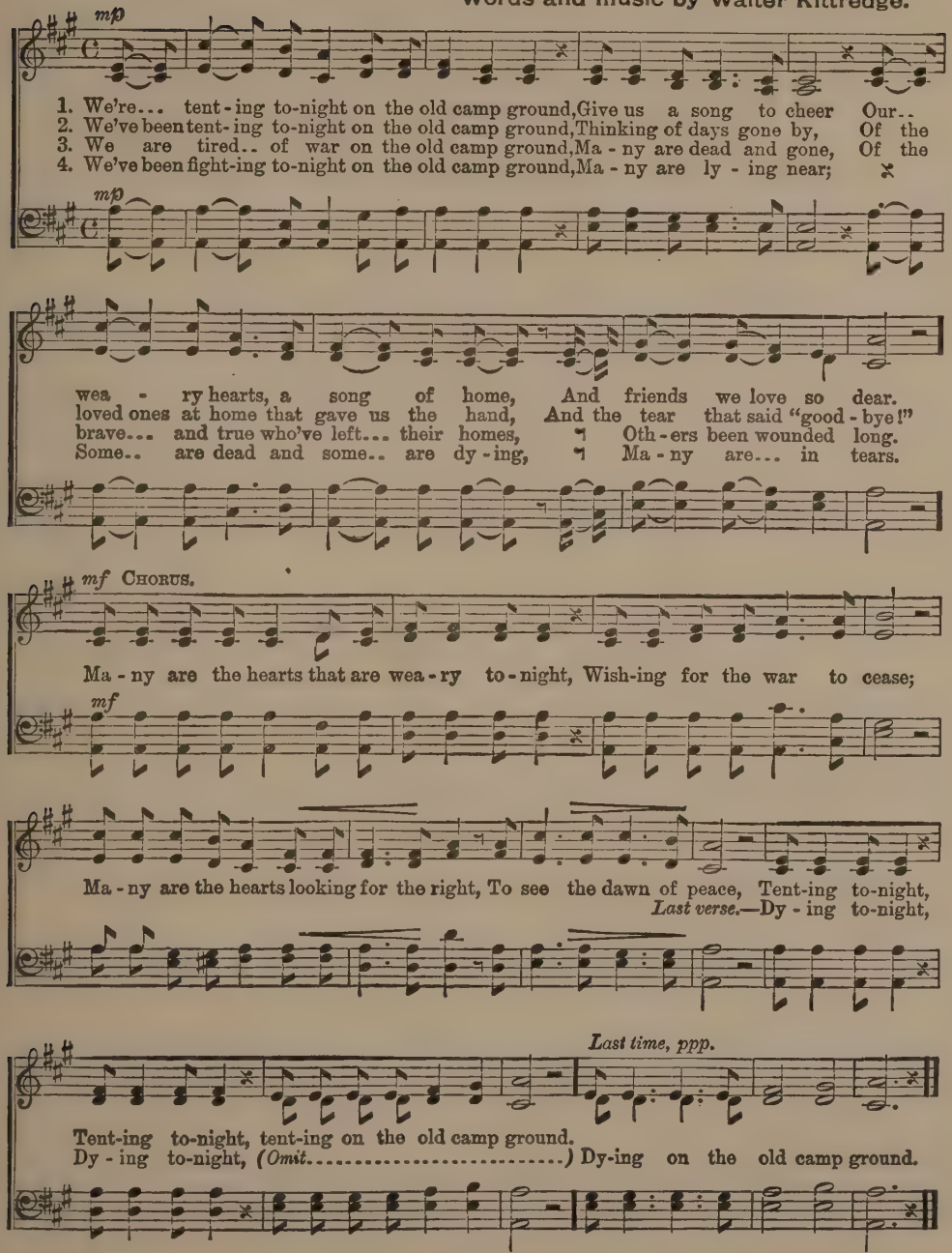
OLD BLACK JOE.

Stephen C. Foster.


1. Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay; Gone are my friends from the
2. Why do I weep when my heart should feel no pain? Why do I sigh that my
3. Where are the hearts once so hap - py and so free? The chil - dren so dear that I
cot - ton- fields a - way; Gone from the earth to a bet - ter land, I know,
friends come not a - gain? Griev - ing for forms now de - part - ed long a - go,
held up - on my knee? Gone to the shore where my soul has longed to go,
Chorus.
I hear their gen- tle voi - ces call -ing, "Old Black Joe!" I'm com -ing, I'm com- ing, For my
head is bend-ing low; I hear those gen - tle voi - ces call - ing, "Old Black Joe!"

WE'RE TENTING TO-NIGHT.

Words and music by Walter Kittredge.

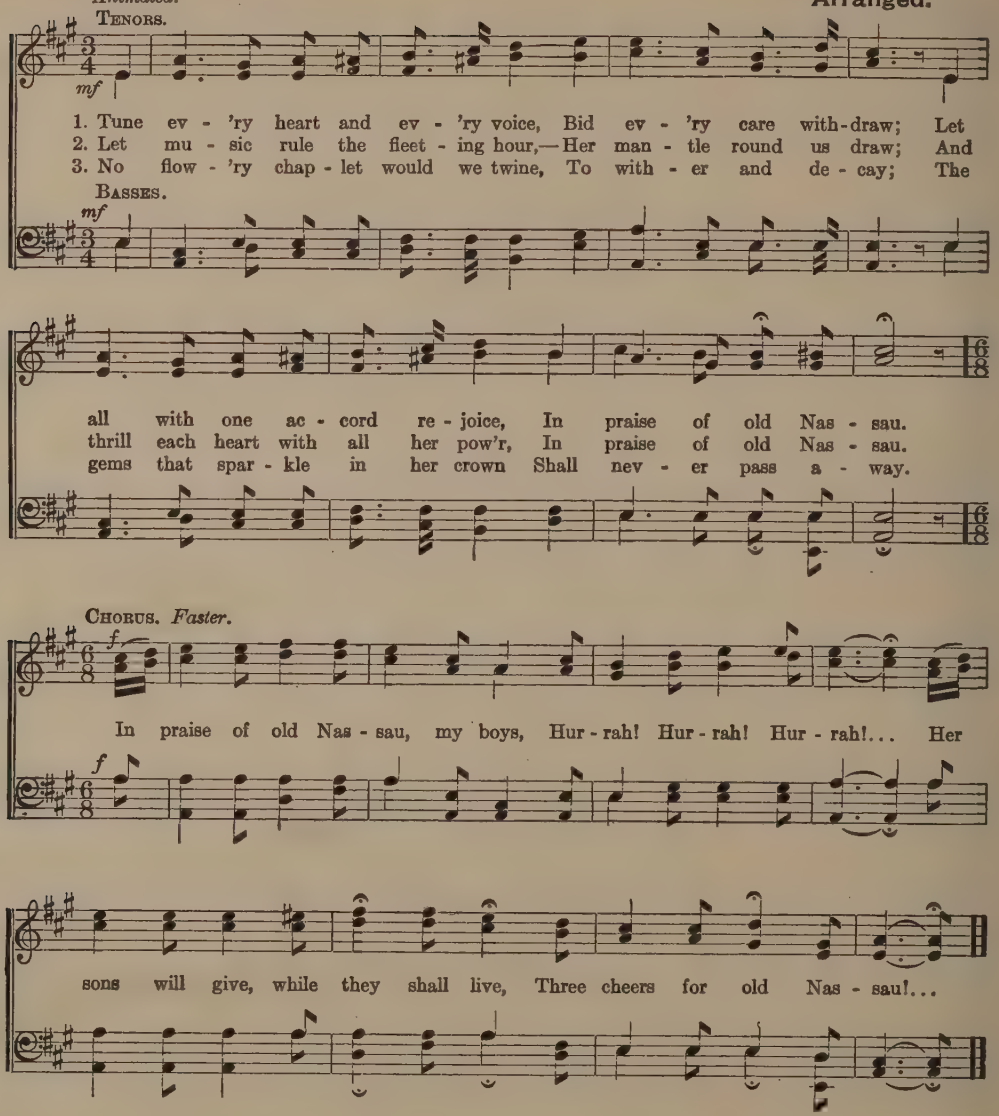

mp
1. We're... tent - ing to-night on the old camp ground, Give us a song to cheer Our..
2. We've been tent- ing to-night on the old camp ground, Thinking of days gone by, Of the
3. We are tired.. of war on the old camp ground, Ma - ny are dead and gone, Of the
4. We've been fight-ing to-night on the old camp ground, Ma - ny are ly - ing near;
mp
wea - ry hearts, a song of home, And friends we love so dear.
loved ones at home that gave us the hand, And the tear that said "good - bye!"
brave... and true who've left... their homes, Oth - ers been wounded long.
Some.. are dead and some.. are dy - ing, Ma - ny are... in tears.
mf CHORUS.
Ma - ny are the hearts that are wea - ry to - night, Wish-ing for the war to cease;
mf
Ma - ny are the hearts looking for the right, To see the dawn of peace, Tent-ing to-night,
Last verse.—Dy - ing to-night,
Last time, ppp.
Tent-ing to-night, tent-ing on the old camp ground.
Dy - ing to-night, (Omit.....) Dy-ing on the old camp ground.

OLD NASSAU.

PRINCETON.

Words by H. P. Peck

Carl Langlotz.
Arranged.


Animated.
Tenors.
mf
1. Tune ev - 'ry heart and ev - 'ry voice, Bid ev - 'ry care with-draw; Let
2. Let mu - sic rule the fleet - ing hour,— Her man - tle round us draw; And
3. No flow - 'ry chap - let would we twine, To with - er and de - cay; The
Basses.
mf
all with one ac - cord re - joice, In praise of old Nas - sau.
thrill each heart with all her pow'r, In praise of old Nas - sau.
gems that spar - kle in her crown Shall nev - er pass a - way.
Chorus. Faster.
f
In praise of old Nas - sau, my boys, Hur - rah! Hur - rah! Hur - rah!... Her
f
sons will give, while they shall live, Three cheers for old Nas - sau!...

4. And when these walls in dust are laid,
With reverence and awe,
Another throng shall breathe our song,
In praise of old Nassau.—Cho.

5. Till then with joy our songs we'll bring,
And while a breath we draw,
We'll all unite to shout and sing,
Long life to old Nassau.—Cho.

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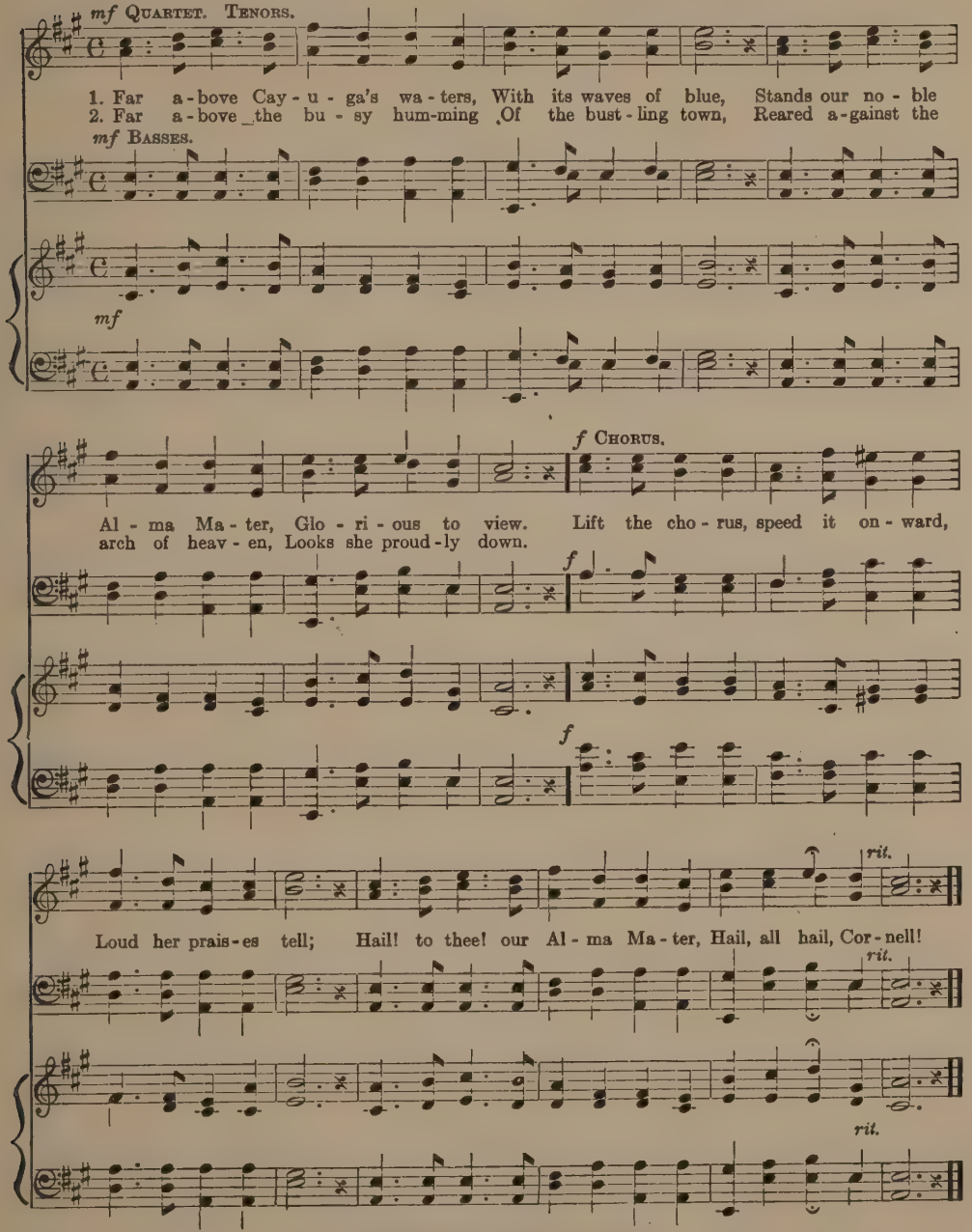
ALMA MATER.—CORNELL.

Words by C. K. Urguhart. Arranged by E. J. Biedermann.


mf Quartet. Tenors.
1. Far a-bove Cay-u-ga's wa-ters, With its waves of blue, Stands our no-ble
2. Far a-bove the bu-sy hum-ming Of the bust-ling town, Reared a-gainst the
mf Basses.
mf
f Chorus.
Al-ma Ma-ter, Glo-ri-ous to view. Lift the cho-rus, speed it on-ward,
arch of heav-en, Looks she proud-ly down.
f
f
rit.
Loud her prais-es tell; Hail! to thee! our Al-ma Ma-ter, Hail, all hail, Cor-nell!
rit.
rit.

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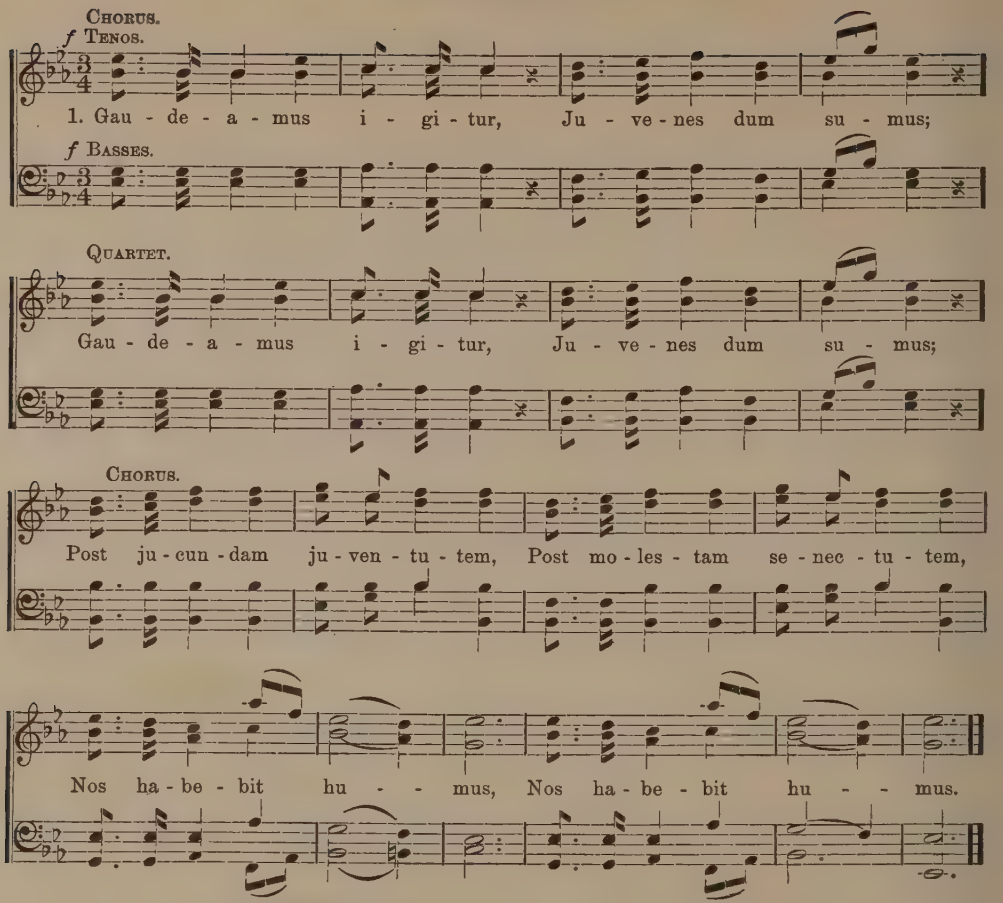
GAUDEAMUS.


Chorus.
f Tenos.
1. Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur, Ju - ve - nes dum su - mus;
f Basses.
Quartet.
Gau - de - a - mus i - gi - tur, Ju - ve - nes dum su - mus;
Chorus.
Post ju - cun - dam ju - ven - tu - tem, Post mo - les - tam se - nec - tu - tem,
Nos ha - be - bit hu - - mus, Nos ha - be - bit hu - - mus.

2. Ubi sunt, qui ante nos
In mundo fuere?
Transeas ad superos,
Abeas ad inferos,
Quos si vis videre.

3. Vita nostra brevis est,
Brevi finietur,
Venit mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter,
Nemini parcetur.

4. Vivat academia,
Vivant professores,
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quælibet,
Semper sint in flore.

5. Vivant omnes virgines,
Faciles, formosæ,
Vivant et mulieres,
Teneræ amabiles,
Bonæ laboriosæ.

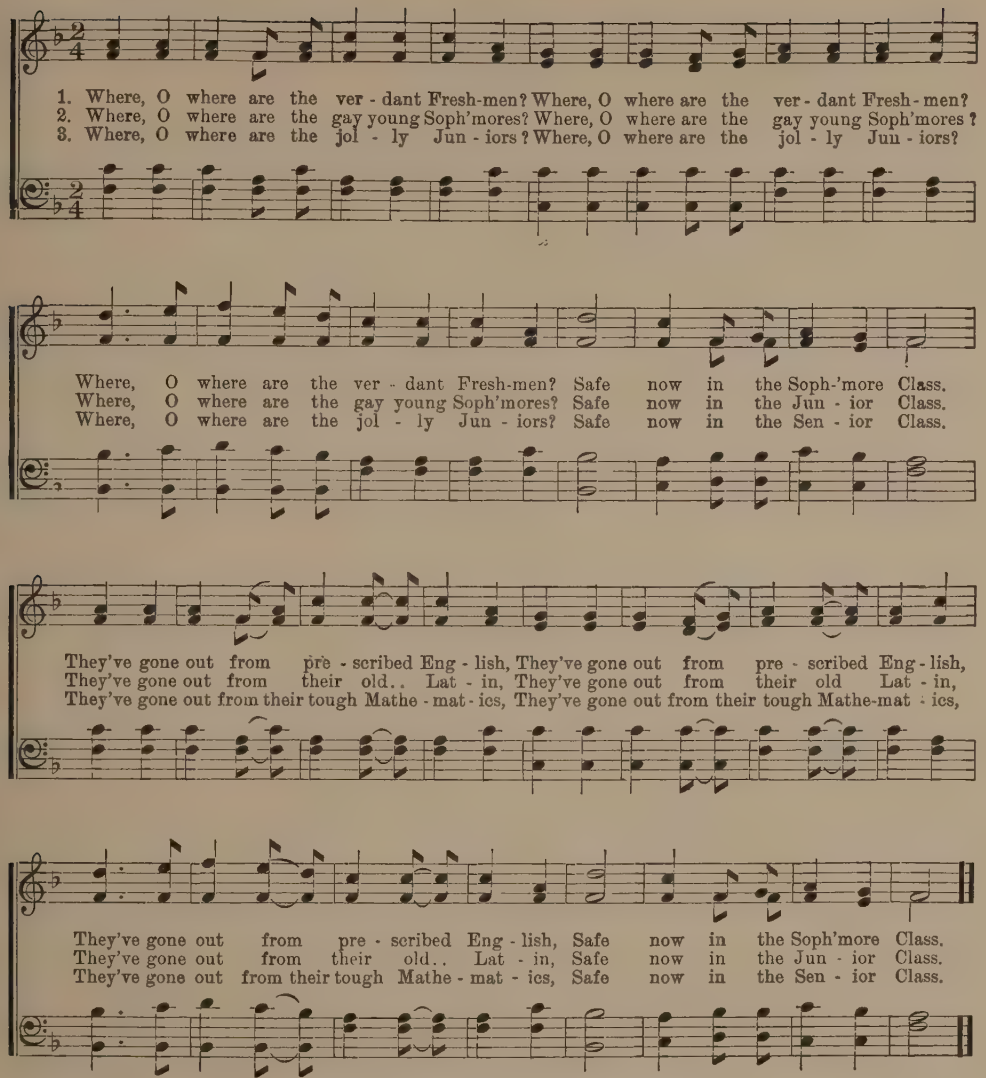
6. Vivat et republica,
Et qui illam regit,
Vivat nostra civitas,
Mæcenatum caritas,
Quæ nos hic protegit.

7. Pereat tristitia,
Pereant osores,
Pereat diabolus,
Quivis antiburschius,
Atque irrisores.

8. Quis confluxus hodie
Academicorum?
E longinquo convenerunt
Protinusque successerunt
In commune forum.

9. Alma Mater floreat,
Quæ nos educavit,
Caros et commilitones,
Dissitas in regiones
Sparsos congregavit.

WHERE, O WHERE?

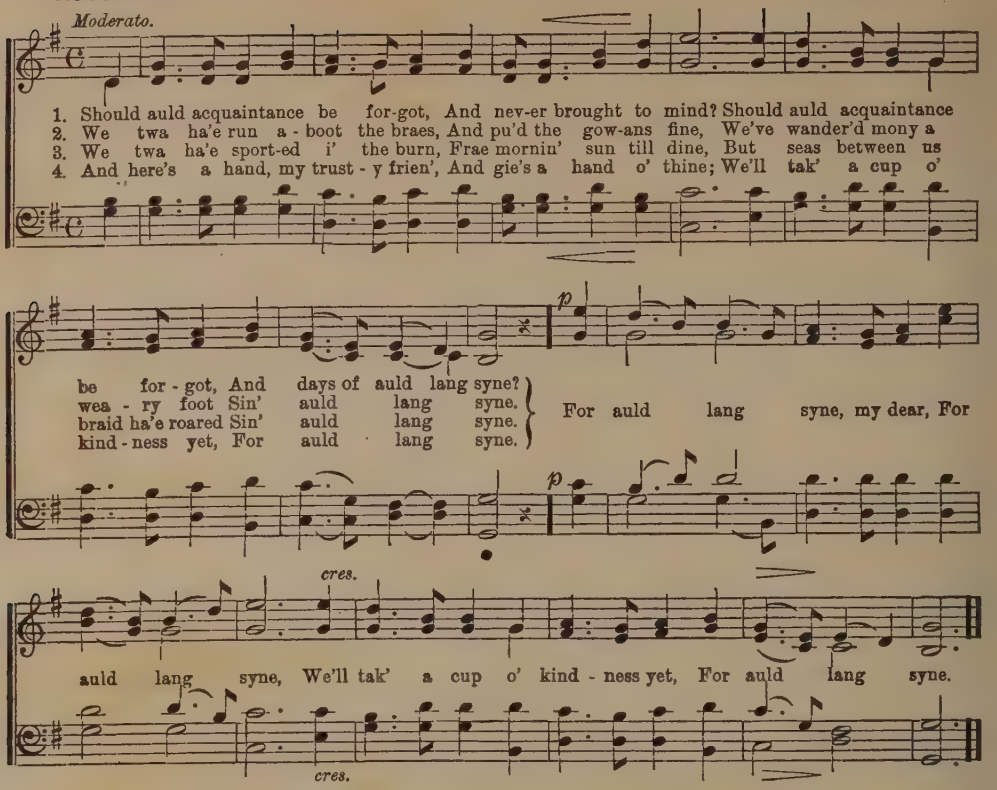
Spirited.

1. Where, O where are the ver - dant Fresh-men? Where, O where are the ver - dant Fresh - men?
2. Where, O where are the gay young Soph'mores? Where, O where are the gay young Soph'mores?
3. Where, O where are the jol - ly Jun - iors? Where, O where are the jol - ly Jun - iors?
Where, O where are the ver - dant Fresh-men? Safe now in the Soph-'more Class.
Where, O where are the gay young Soph'mores? Safe now in the Jun - ior Class.
Where, O where are the jol - ly Jun - iors? Safe now in the Sen - ior Class.
They've gone out from pre - scribed Eng - lish, They've gone out from pre - scribed Eng - lish,
They've gone out from their old.. Lat - in, They've gone out from their old Lat - in,
They've gone out from their tough Mathe - mat - ics, They've gone out from their tough Mathe-mat - ics,
They've gone out from pre - scribed Eng - lish, Safe now in the Soph'more Class.
They've gone out from their old.. Lat - in, Safe now in the Jun - ior Class.
They've gone out from their tough Mathe - mat - ics, Safe now in the Sen - ior Class.

4 ||: Where, O where are the grand old Seniors? :||
Safe now in the wide, wide world.
||: They've gone out from their Alma Mater, :||
Safe now in the wide, wide world.

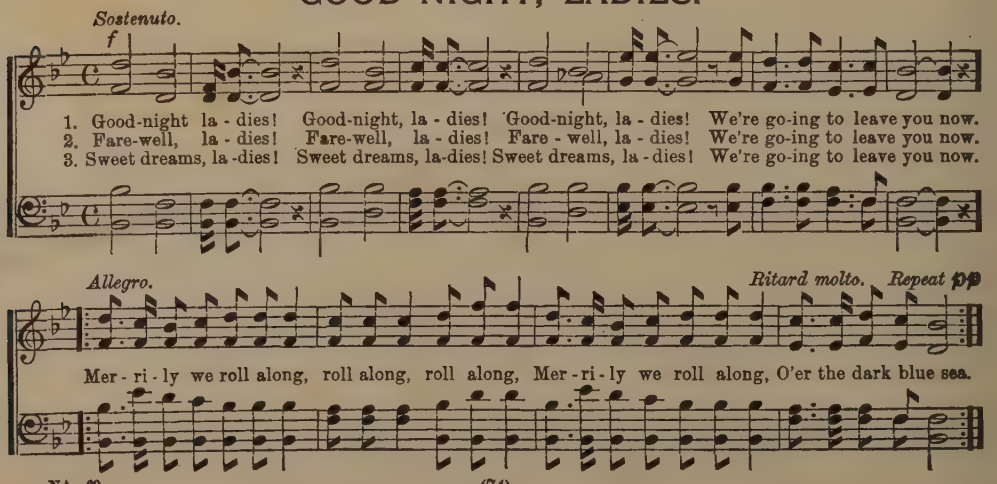
5 ||: Where, O where are the staid Alumnæ? :||
Lost, lost in the wide, wide world.
||: They've gone out from their dreams and theories, :||
Atoms lost in the wide, wide world.

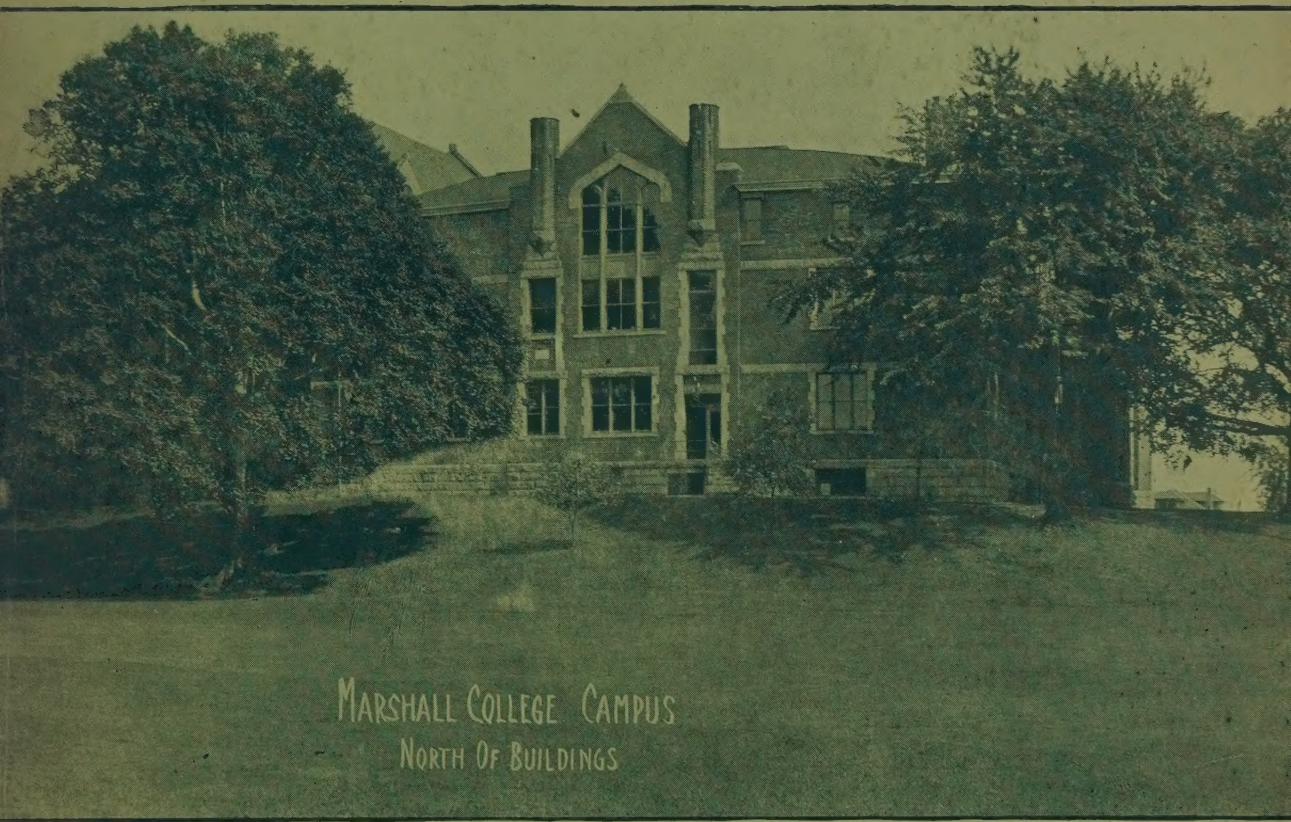
AULD LANG SYNE.

Robert Burns. Scotch Air.


Moderato.
1. Should auld acquaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind? Should auld acquaintance
2. We twa ha'e run a - boot the braes, And pu'd the gow-ans fine, We've wander'd mony a
3. We twa ha'e sport-ed i' the burn, Frae mornin' sun till dine, But seas between us
4. And here's a hand, my trust - y frien', And gie's a hand o' thine; We'll tak' a cup o'
p
be for - got, And days of auld lang syne?
wea - ry foot Sin' auld lang syne.
braid ha'e roared Sin' auld lang syne.
kind - ness yet, For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear, For
p
cres.
auld lang syne, We'll tak' a cup o' kind - ness yet, For auld lang syne.
cres.

GOOD-NIGHT, LADIES.


Sostenuto.
f
1. Good-night la - dies! Good-night, la - dies! Good-night, la - dies! We're go-ing to leave you now.
2. Fare-well, la - dies! Fare-well, la - dies! Fare - well, la - dies! We're go-ing to leave you now.
3. Sweet dreams, la-dies! Sweet dreams, la-dies! Sweet dreams, la - dies! We're go-ing to leave you now.
Allegro.
Ritard molto.
Repeat
pp
Mer - ri - ly we roll along, roll along, roll along, Mer - ri - ly we roll along, O'er the dark blue sea.



MARSHALL COLLEGE CAMPUS
NORTH OF BUILDINGS